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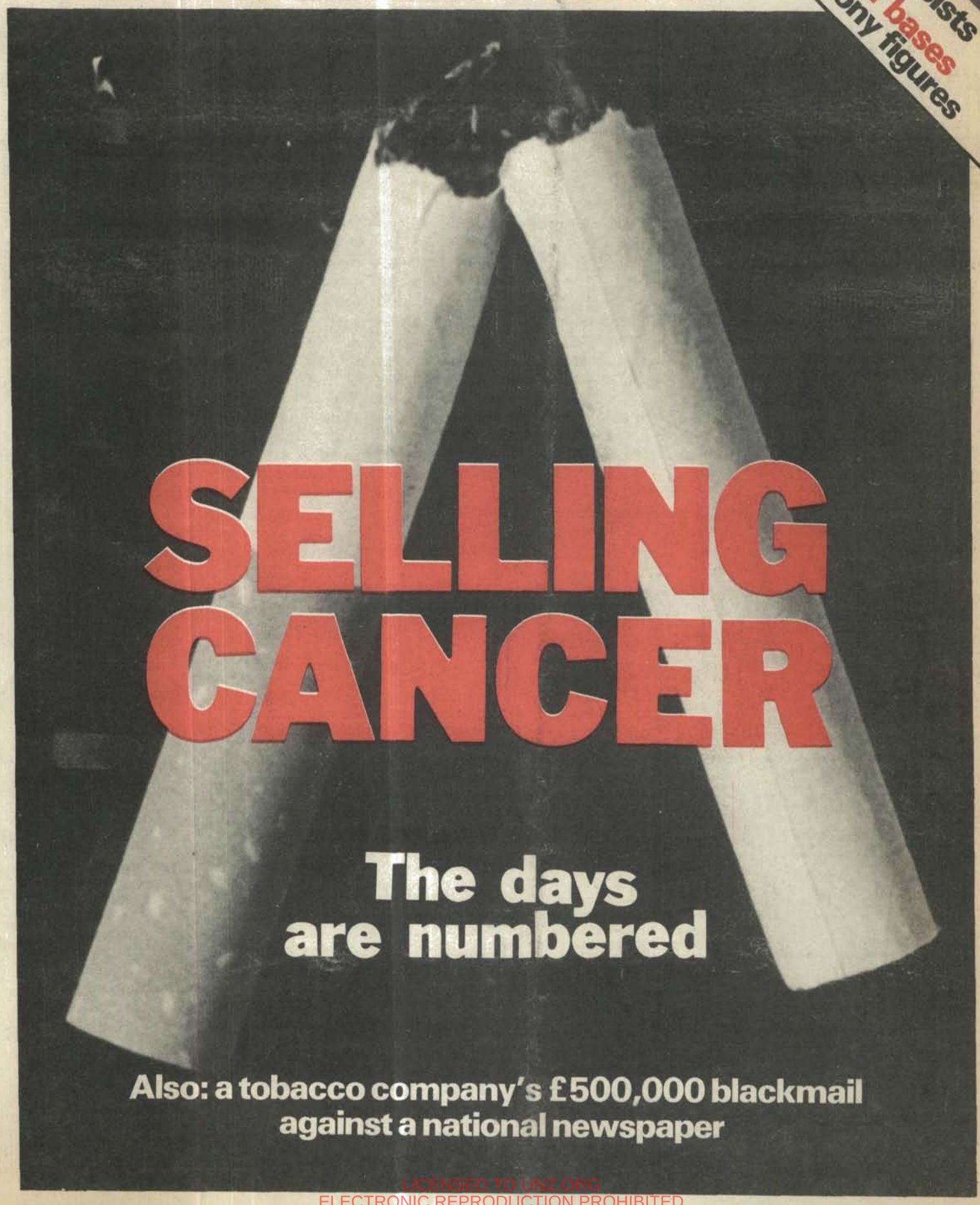
Music today: an important publishing event

Spain's failed Fascists

US lies on nuclear bases

Roy Jenkins's phony figures



SELLING CANCER

The days are numbered

Also: a tobacco company's £500,000 blackmail against a national newspaper

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Cover photo: Chris Davies

Tobacco companies
How Britian's tobacco-men put pressure on the media and public and how a Tory government minister is trying to fight them back. Page 6

Iberian crisis
Three writers look at the troubled progress of democracy in Spain and in Portugal. Page8

French Left
Left-wing papers in France are flourishing and have lessons for their slumbering counterparts in Britain. Page 12

The cold war
Duncan Campbell unearths an abortive attempt by the FO in the Forties to recruit the British intelligentsia into the Cold War. Page 13

Music in flux
Andrew Clements explains how the New Grove Dictionary redefines boundaries. Page 18

Grange Hill
J.M.P. Hodgson attacks the series for perpetuating myths about schools and scriptwriter Phil Redmond defends its realism. Page 24

Diary/Roger Woddis: p. 15; Arthur Marshall: p. 16; Letters: p. 17; Books/Arts: pp. 18-28; Weekend Competition: p. 28; Chess/Crossword: p.29.

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Can monarchs be democrats?

WITHIN THE SPACE of twelve hours this week, King Juan Carlos committed his throne to the defence of democracy in Spain, Prince Charles announced his engagement, and the latest UK unemployment figures were published. The close timing of the three events was a coincidence (it would be churlish to suggest that Buckingham Palace was involved in any arrangement to keep the dole queues off the front page). Yet there are resonances that link the Spanish monarchy, the Prince's betrothal, and Britain's recession.

Broadly the twentieth century has divided Europe's royal families into two camps: those that have chosen to resist democracy and those that have chosen to assist it. Most of the authoritarian kind have been overthrown, as in Greece where the 1974 referendum showed that Constantine was never forgiven for his initial acceptance of the colonels' coup. Most of the democratic kind, on the other hand, have survived, even flourished, notably in Scandinavia. And Juan Carlos has courageously helped quell a mutiny and consolidated his position as titular head of a democracy.

Two royal families have had close shaves. One is in Holland, where the corruption and fascist sympathies of Prince Bernhard have tainted the House of Orange with almost terminal scandal. The other has been our own. Had Edward VIII not abdicated, Britain would have gone to war with a confirmed Nazi sympathiser as king. As it was, the Duke of Windsor sought squalid deals with German emissaries in Lisbon to regain the throne if the Wehrmacht invaded Britain.

Since then our royal family has kept its political head well below the parapets. At worst it has been a symbolic affront to the principles of equality; at best some of its members have performed useful service. One does not have to accept every item of hagiography about Lord Mountbatten to acknowledge his work in India, his opposition to Suez, and his warnings of the futility of nuclear weapons. A man who gave Prince Philip a regular subscription to the *NS*, as he did, could not be wholly beyond the democratic pale.

That is not to say the principle of monarchy is other than absurd. If Kings, Queens and hereditary titles did not exist, few serious people would have the imagination or gall to propose their creation. But the British royal family does exist, and looks like being with us for a fair while yet. The relevant issue is not their right to exist, but the manner of their behaviour.

Prince Charles has said he and Lady Diana Spencer plan to wed in late July. That is the month when the unemployment level, swelled by school-leavers, is most likely to touch three million. Already Charles's dukedom, Cornwall, and his princedom, Wales, have two of the highest levels of unemployment in Britain. In Cornwall, 17 per cent of men are unemployed; in Wales the figure is 15 per cent. Will they really share in the mania for ostentatious celebration that will undoubtedly seize the still prosperous London suburbs? With his wedding Prince Charles has a rare chance to make for himself a decision that will influence public behaviour and perceptions. Will he like Juan Carlos, identify with his subjects' aspirations — or will he, like Constantine, defy them? □

Celia Wren on the City's new evasiveness

The freedom of the City

THE CITY is rapidly learning how to manipulate the guaranteed secrecy offered in Switzerland and other centres to by-pass both UK company legislation and the Stock Exchange's much vaunted self regulation.

To take one example: last October, fuel distribution, road haulage and builders merchanting company AAH made a 65p per share takeover bid for Renwick Group, a small conglomerate with subsidiaries involved in pleasure boat building, fuel distribution and travel agencies. Both are medium-sized public companies. The offer attracted little attention. Renwick shares dutifully moved up from 45p to near the offer price. The Renwick board gave its approval. Days later came the first surprise. Former asset-stripper John Bentley — current activities range from property to video porn — announced the purchase of nearly 10 per cent of the Renwick equity through his Tebbitt Group (since renamed Bardsey Group). His object was to strip out the boat and travel interests. He threatened a counter-bid unless AAH agreed to a 'dismemberment of the company'. But although Bentley, Jim Slater, Tom Whyte and other City figures from the early Seventies are once again active, others have learnt to play a more sophisticated game.

On 23 December Renwick discovered from its share register that no less than 22½ per cent of its equity had been purchased by overseas interests.

These shares consisted of six separate holdings each of 337,000 shares, all purchased by the tiny stockbroking firm of A. J. Bekhor and all registered in the name of the Uto Bank of Zurich. This bank does not appear in the Bankers' Almanac — the standard reference book of world banking — nor does it appear in the Zurich telephone directory. According to Bekhors, there was no need to disclose the stake under Companies Act rules, which insist that any holding over 5 per cent is made public, as each holding was separate and unrelated.

The following day, Christmas Eve, Kangra International Holdings, a company incorprated in Hong Kong in August 1980, purchased nearly 15 per cent of Renwick — the maximum permitted under the new dawn raid rules. The purchasing broker was A. J. Bekhor. This gave clients of Bekhor 37½ per cent of Renwick. Any one source holding 30 per cent or more is obliged by the City Takeover Panel to make a bid for the balance. But Bekhors assured the Takeover Panel that all holdings were separate. On that basis that 'my word is my bond', the Panel accepted the Bekhor explanation.

AAH gave up. Kangra kept on buying until it had 27½ per cent of Renwick. If it then purchased the Uto stakes, it would then have the majority of Renwick's equity. This it did. Assured of control of Renwick, the mask of anonymity slipped revealing Graham Beck, a South African coal owner. He then made an 85p per share bid for the outstanding shares, as this was 20p over the AAH offer, thus making a profit for the other shareholders. The City's conscience if not the Government's was salved.

Nor has the Department of Trade had much success in tracking down real owners of shares. Dunlop enlisted DoT help to find out the beneficial ownership of some 30 per cent of its equity held in the Far East. The DoT's interim report out this month admits defeat. Requests for information from Malaysian interests including the Kuala Lumpur Stock Exchange were ignored. In a second case under investigation a web of Swiss, Panamanian and Luxembourg companies prevented the DoT from positively naming the beneficial owner of 40 per cent of mining group St Piran although erstwhile chairman Jim Raper is generally assumed to control the stake. □

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Patrick Wintour on moves to get the Labour Party to confront the issue of inflation

Labour's move back to incomes policy

THE LABOUR PARTY's national executive has begun to think about what is for many the unthinkable: the kind of incomes policy the next Labour government might adopt. A confidential paper by the party's research department, discussed by the NEC last week, concludes that a flexible incomes policy negotiated with the the unions, as part of a wider package of measures, 'would provide a solid foundation for the restoration of full employment.'

Ever since Labour's 1979 election defeat, following the winter of discontent, incomes policy has been a taboo subject. It received no mention in the 1980 draft manifesto; and on the rare occasions when the idea surfaces, it is wrapped in euphemism and circumlocution.

The research department have now attempted to confront the issue head-on. In a telling reference to the first year of the last Labour government, the paper says: 'The problem of inflation must be taken seriously at the outset if Labour's economic strategy is to be credible and based on popular support.'

The research paper argues that inflation is a symptom of a conflict over the distribution of resources. 'This leads us to argue that it is not helpful to try and isolate simple causes of inflation and equally mistaken to try and isolate blame.' Though the paper concedes that inflation is electorally unpopular and does redistribute wealth, the theoretical approach adopted suggests that 'it would be a great mistake to treat the reduction of inflation either as a prime objective in pursuit of which others could be sacrificed or as a precondition for the achievement of other objectives'.

The paper goes on 'Since the conflict is about distribution' — essentially between the State, Capital and Labour —'inflation and, likewise, the policies to deal with it are inescapably political. When looking at options to deal with inflation — price controls, incomes policy, deflation and monetary control — it is important to ask about their effects on distribution. It is only by resolving the distributional conflicts, that inflation is reduced.'

THE PAPER admits that previous Labour incomes policies have done little but help profits at the expense of wages. 'A very crude indicator of this is given by the fact that between 1948 and 1976 there were roughly 14 years in which incomes policies were operated, and over these periods net real income of a man with two children fell by 2 per cent. In the periods without incomes policy net real income rose by over 45 per cent. These figures do not prove that incomes policies have been responsible for real wage cuts but they do explain the entrenched scepticism in the trade union movement'.

The paper argues that these objections could be met if 'the policy was designed to guarantee, and if possible increase, real wages by linking wage increases to price increases.' Such indexation has been tried in Italy and Holland.

To deal with the criticism that incomes policy will lead to an inefficient operation of the Labour market, the paper asserts free collective bargaining is likely to be inegalitarian. The paper favours 'the example of the Swedish labour movement which has pursued the policy of wage solidarity through which trade unions collectively pursue equal wages for equal work in different branches of the economy.' The higher profits that some companies receive as a result of their higher productivity can be dealt with by price controls, a more progressive corporation tax or, as in Sweden, 'by taking greater control over these profits through a system of worker capital funds'.

The paper also refers to the danger of the central determination of wage bargaining undermining the strength of local trade union organisation. The paper suggests that strength can be sustained by extending industrial democracy and bargaining beyond the traditional issues of wages and conditions towards workers' plans and joint control of the whole range of enterprise decisions.

But above all the paper derides the futility of free collective bargaining. 'As long as decisions about prices are in the hands of management, successful wages militancy can lead simply to higher inflation if higher wage costs can be passed on or to lower profits if costs cannot be passed on.'

This leads to one of the most significant sections of the paper on the proper share of proit. 'Even allowing for the extension of public ownership agreed by the party, the bulk of industry will remain in private hands under the next Labour Government. Profit performs a crucial role in providing the incentive to invest and in the past has provided roughly two thirds of the finance for that investment'. The paper criticises the view, popularly associated with Stuart Holland, that monopolies dominating the British economy have been disguising substantial rates of profit by transfer pricing: 'according to this view a fall in the share of profit may erode this monopoly profit but would not be damaging to the economy . . . this is a difficult case to sustain given the historically low rates of profits currently being earned by most parts of industry.' The paper proposes a short-term defence of profit share by a Labour government. But this would be conditional on a more long-term context of a National Investment Bank to encourage and direct the use of external finance, price regulations, control of private incomes derived from profit and 'the reduction of private profit as the guide to decisions within each enterprise.' □

Christopher Hitchens on a long-lost hero

Is Wallenberg alive?

EVEN IF, as seems likely in the extreme, Raoul Wallenberg is dead, he won't lie down. For newcomers, a brief recapitulation. Raoul Wallenberg was a Swedish diplomat, sent by his government to Budapest in 1944 on a humanitarian mission. His devoted and exemplary work, which involved the issue of protective Swedish passports to persecuted and endangered citizens, saved the lives of many thousands of Jews and others. During the horrific period in which the German occupying forces and the native Hungarian fascists governed the country, he made an indelible impression on all who met him.

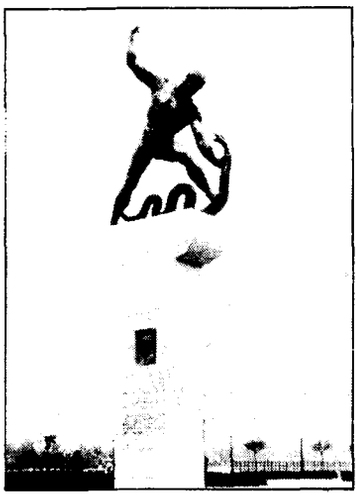
That indelible impression has haunted the Soviet government ever since. Russian troops took Wallenberg into 'protective cusody' in Budapest in 1945 (that much they admit) and the outside world has not seen him since. Yet there have been persistent reports from ex-Gulag prisoners that they have seen Wallenberg alive and in custody. The Russian defence of their position has altered several times over the years, but they now stubbornly maintain that he died of 'heart failure' in 1947.

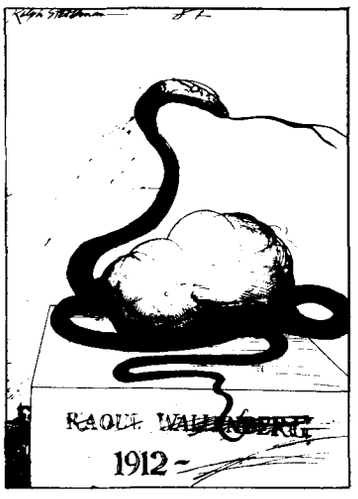
The most recent sighting was by a Moscow antiques dealer who testified that during a three year sentence in 1975 he had met an unidentified Swede who had apparently been in prison for thirty years. Other partially corroborated glimpses of Wallenberg include: the Verchne-Uralsk prison in the Chelyabinsk region from the end of the 1940s to 1953; in the Alexandrovsky central prison in Irkutsk from 1953 to 1955 and in the Vladimir prison from 1955 to the late 1960s. All these have been entered by the Swedish government in an official 'White Book' on the affair.

Now there is another piece of evidence for the file. The photograph shows a statue to Wallenberg *erected by the Hungarian government* in 1948. The inscription on the plinth reads:

> Raoul Wallenberg, Emissary of the Swedish nation July 1944 — Jan 1945. He was a leader of the Swedish Royal Embassy Budapest. His noble and humanitarian activities in the darkest days of destruction made him our legendary hero. This monument will proclaim our eternal gratitude in the centre of our city whose persecuted people in the darkest night of an inhuman era remember his unparallel guardianship.

The night before its unveiling in April 1948 the statue was 'removed'. It was found years later, minus the inscription and the plinth, standing outside a chemical factory in Debricin 120 miles from Budapest. By luck, a visiting Jew photographed the statue in its original setting. It depicts a man slaying the serpent of tyranny. Ralph Steadman's drawing shows the serpent swallowing the man. □





Above: Hungary's official tribute to Wallenberg (a man slaying the serpent of tyranny) before it was 'removed'.

Brian Deer on energy

Cheap but shunned

ENERGY Department and the Central Electricity Genreating Board are quietly doing away with plans for Combined Heat and Power (CHP) schemes which would make the industry's long-term outlook very bright.

CHP, or CHP/DH as it is known to the energy cognoscenti, is an arrangement whereby the waste hot water from power stations is used in communal central heating systems for nearby homes and buildings. At present, stations dump two-thirds of their energy in waste heat, most of which could be used in district heating networks similar to gas mains and pipes.

There has been considerable pressure for CHP since the report of the Marshall Committee was published in 1979. Its barely-publicised findings predicted that a third of all Britain's heating could be met in the long term by CHP and showed that 'in the situation in which natural gas is no longer available, CHP/DH is substantially more economic, and also very subsantially more economical in primary fuel than any other alternative at present discernible'.

Compared with the government's plans for expanding nuclear power, the economic case for CHP is unanswerable. If, as the Marshall Committee envisaged, CHP took 30 per cent of Britain's heat load, CHP based on coal-fired power stations would cost £17,000 million, compared to £29,000

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million for an equivalent electricity-only nuclear programme. And in primary energy consumption, the difference between these options is a saving of some 17 nuclear plants of the type approved by the government.

The Committee's report, the product of a four-and-a-half year investigation, recommended an immediate start on pilot projects in co-operation with local government, under the direction of a new state body — a National Heat Board — to raise capital, supervise work and lobby.

But the Energy Department has been less than enthusiastic. The Heat Board, judged to be essential for CHP's development, was thrown out last year in what one Marshall Committee member calls 'a very political environment'. Thus, there is now no effective national body to stand up to the Gas Corporation and the nuclear industry.

In finding pilot schemes, the Energy Department is making little effort to convince local authorities of CHP's merits and those who have asked to be considered are being subjected to pointless and time-consuming paper studies. A leading member of the Marshall Committee, Professor Jim Cassels of Liverpool University, has accused the Department of 'an extraordinary tepid response' to CHP. He believes 'they won't get a spade in the ground before 1986'.

Meanwhile the CEGB is showing its level of commitment to coal by closing down inner city power stations most suited for district heating schemes. Under its plan, begun in 1976 and accelerated last September, 70 coal- and oil-fired stations will have been shut by the end of this year on the grounds that they are too small and old. But CHP plant would raise the efficiency with which they burnt coal from under 35 per cent to 80 per cent, making them very economic.

They are also ideal for converting to a new 'fluidised bed' coal-burning technique recently announced by the NCB and described by NCB chairman Sir Derek Ezra as 'the most significant breakthrough in coal combustion technology this century'. □

Patrick Wintour on the Miners' next step

Minos point

THE CURRENT euphoria in the National Union of Mineworkers over the Government climb-down on closures, may be tempered by the challenge of new technology to miners' jobs and job design. Unlike many of the white collar unions the miners have been relatively slow to alert themselves to the problem. The subject has only been raised in passing at the union's annual conference. At executive level, however, a standing committee on technology is beginning negotiations with its Coal Board counterparts.

Attention is focussing on the use of computers and particularly a computerised monitoring and central system — called Minos after the Greek myth. It has already been installed at 27 pits. The whole programme is costing £10m.

Minos has mainly been used to improve underground transportation systems. The NCB believe that on manpower reductions alone — three men per conveyor belt — the system has a payback period of 2½ years. The system has also been used to improve safety by monitoring ventilation. A sub-system Fido (Face Information Digested On-line) helps increase productivity by providing computerised information on faults and delays.

Perhaps the most full-scale use of computers has been at South Kirkby coal preparation plan in Yorkshire. The plant has three computers: one regulates coal preparation equipment, one stores and provides managerial information and the third controls the loading of coal. It was a dispute over grading at this plant which led the NUM to set up its New Technology and Grading committee.

The most serious long-term development is a microprocessor on the shearer — the main unit that cuts and loads the coal. The microprocessor will be able to control the direction and height of the shearer thus allowing the driver no longer to be at the head of the machine awash in dust and water, but at the back.

Estimates of job loss are inevitably very vague and tendentious at the moment. The Government's own *Manpower Implications of Microelectronic Technology,* published two years ago, says that the typical number of face-workers per shift will be cut from 22 to 15. An article in the *Colliery Guardian* in 1978 by R.B. Dunn, the chief mining engineer of the National Coal Board, said it would be technically feasible to cut a facework team, often a group of six, down to one. □

Sent packing

JEANS may be out at Asda Superstores (*NS* 20 February). But move upmarket to Oxford Street's D. H. Evans and the prohibitions are more subtle. The store — part of the House of Fraser group currently on the receiving end of an unwelcome takeover bid from Tiny Rowland's Lonrho — does not allow staff to bring packed lunches to work unless they ask for permission from personnel. This is only granted on medical grounds (a doctor's certificate is needed) or on religious dietary grounds. The store says there is nowhere to store packed lunches and it has a heavily subsidised staff restaurant. Permission from personnel is also needed if staff members wish to meet friends or relatives in the public restaurant. Other Fraser stores do not adopt these policies. □

GREECE

Another US bomb site

CLAUDIA WRIGHT in Washington discloses how the US is secretly negotiating to deploy nuclear weapons in Greece — and how the Greek government has double-crossed the Athens parliament.

THE STORY begins in 1976. Henry Kissinger, then US Secretary of State, and Dimitrios Bitsios, the Greek Foreign Minister, met in Washington on 15 April to initial what was described at the time as an agreement on 'principles to guide future US-Greek defence cooperation'. Both sides made several commitments. The Americans offered $700 million in military assistance over four years. In return, Greece promised to allow US military operations from its territory 'which serve mutual defence interests'. Four bases the Americans have used in Greece and Crete — Hellenikon (Athens), Nea Makri, Souda Bay, and Iraklion — were to be retained under the new agreement subject to these qualifications:

> Each installation 'will be a Greek military installation under a Greek commander'; 'the installations shall serve only purposes authorised by the government of Greece'; Greek military personnel would fill 'up to 50 per cent of the total strength required for agreed joint technical operations'; and intelligence data from surveillance and monitoring equipment at the bases 'shall be shared fully by the two governments according to mutually agreed procedures'.

It was not until 15 months later that Washington and Athens were able to agree on the pact, and even this didn't last long. On 28 July 1977 the two sides initialled the defence co-operation agreement contemplated by the Kissinger-Bitsios framework. A press release from the Greek Embassy in Washington announced the pact briefly and added this comment: **'As stated by prime minister Karamanlis** to the Greek parliament, the facilities do not have nuclear weapons, nor may they be used for war operations without permission of the Greek government.'

Karamanlis was not telling the full story, and several official American sources contradict his claim on nuclear weapons. In March 1976, Jesse Lewis — then a *Washington Post* reporter on leave, who is now an American official operating in Cyprus and Greece — published a book in which he admitted there was an arrangement for 'the storage of NATO tactical nuclear weapons' in Greece.

Several Congressional publications say the same thing. In April 1979, a report by the Congressional Research Service for the Senate Foreign Relations Committee stated that 'Nuclear weapons storage sites serving both United States and NATO purposes also exist in Greece, but details regarding this category of facility are classified.'

BUT THE American evidence doesn't reveal the whole story either. The *NS* has obtained official documents (see illustration) that prove there are nuclear weapons in storage on Greek soil and that the Greek government is well aware of it. The documents also show that Greek negotiators have secretly drawn up an agreement with the United States to *exempt*

The text of the Mills-Chrisospathis note

SECRET

Excellency:

With reference to the Defence Cooperation Agreement signed this same day between our two Governments, I have the honor to confirm that the above Agreement does not apply to the United States nuclear custodial units stationed in Greece pursuant to the Agreement between the two Governments of December 30, 1959 regarding the establishment of stocks of nuclear weapons in Greece and the related technical arrangements dated May 3, 1960 and June 13, 1960, with subsequent amendments, except for Appendix II.

It is understood that the provision of the Agreement of December 30, 1959 and the above-mentioned technical arrangements, as well as applicable United States legislation and NATO directives with respect to safety and security, special handling and other restrictions related to nuclear weapons, shall continue to remain in force.

If the foregoing is acceptable to your Government, I propose that this note and Your Excellency's reply thereto indicating such acceptance shall constitute the agreement between our two Governments concerning this matter.

Please accept, Excellency, the renewed assurance of my highest consideration.

SECRET

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American nuclear storage facilities in Greece from the provisions for Greek Base Command, joint controls over operations, and other guarantees of Greek sovereignty that have been laid down as the conditions for American use of the bases since 1976.

In a classified note, initialled by the deputy chief of the US Mission in Athens, Hawthorn Mills, and the Greek government representative, Spiros Chrisospathis, the two sides agreed that the defence cooperation agreement of 28 July 1977 'does not apply to the United States nuclear custodial units stationed in Greece.' By this deceptively simple sentence, the two governments virtually concluded a *second* agreement revoking the terms of the first. The note has the effect of placing total control over nuclear weapons on Greek territory in American hands.

Also revealed in the Mills-Chrisospathis note are the earlier agreements on which this US nuclear monopoly in Greece has been based. One of these was dated 30 December 1959, and subsequent 'technical arrangements' were drawn up in May and June of 1960. No record of these agreements can be found in the lists of treaties in force between the two countries. They are as secret as the Mills-Chrisospathis note was intended to be. Both sides had planned that when the main agreement was formally signed, the special agreement on nuclear weapons would also come into effect — only the Greek parliament would never know.

HOWEVER, the 1977 pact was not signed, largely because of Greek disgruntlement at the larger share of US military assistance the Turks had been able to bargain for. Negotiations to settle the differences between Washington and Athens are still going on, and reports from the most recent round — which began on 27 January — suggest that the sides are again close to signing.

Allegations have been made in the Greek parliament and in the press that the United States has stored nuclear weapons at the bases, and that the current negotiations will do nothing to ensure Greek control over them. The Greek Defense Minister, Evangelos Averof, has responded with the claim that if nuclear weapons are stored on Greek territory — a point which neither Averof nor State Department officials will confirm or deny — they are subject to Greek control. In an interview published in Athens on 31 January, Averof said: 'Since with this system we and the Americans are in possession of separate keys, these small bombs, which we are supposed to possess, cannot be used except with our approval. That is, they would be used following joint accord, and solely if, in the case of general conflagration, our country would be in danger.'

Averof was playing with words. He knew that in 1977 he had bowed to American pressure and declined to insist on Greek control over nuclear weapons. He also knows that the so-called 'dual key' system for keeping a Greek finger on the nuclear trigger is a fake.

In Greece, the political implications of the Mills-Chrisospathis note (which has not been published in Greek) are serious. The text reveals that in 1977 the Greek government was lying about the terms it had negotiated for control of its bases. With a general election due soon, public concern about the bases and nuclear weapons is probably more damaging to the government than the decisions it took to join the Common Market and return to NATO. □

Peter Kellner, Political Editor

Decentralisers of the world unite

FOR A MAN who pretends to economic wisdom and aspires to political power, Roy Jenkins is capable of the most spectacular nonsense. In a speech this week on Britain's economic performance, Jenkins said:

> In five years' time on present trends South Korea will be a greater industrial power than Britain.

That statement was selected in some BBC bulletins as the most striking thing Jenkins said. It is, however, striking chiefly because it's rubbish. As there is a moral to be drawn, it is worth examining why Jenkins is wrong on the particular detail before dissecting his more general policies.

South Korea's industrial output last year was about one-fifth of Britain's. Comparing long-term growth rates (16.5 per cent for Korea, 1.3 per cent for Britain), Korea will still be producing less than half as much as Britain in five years' time.

True, Britain's output is currently falling. Jenkins quoted a decline of 14 per cent over the last two years. Casting that rate forward would lead to a level of output in 1986 *44 per cent* below the 1978 level. If that's what Jenkins means by 'present trends', then his ideas of economic projection are cuckoo.

But let that pass, and take his statistical fantasies at face value. If 'present trends' means what has happened over the past two years, then what's sauce for the idle British goose is sauce for the frisky Korean gander. Korea's output has risen by a relatively modest 8 per cent in two years.

If we extrapolate short-term trends for both countries, Korea's industrial output will be just 40 per cent of Britain's implausibly small figure by 1986.

I realise that some readers will feel that the above is unnecessary nit-picking. It is not done, old chap, to query a fellow's details — bit like hitting below the belt. Why not play to politics' Queensberry rules and stick to the real issues: did Jenkins *sound* convincing? will he get a good write-up in the *Guardian?* is he a vote-winner?

That approach is rather like those competitions that judge advertisements for their impact and artistic merit. Style is everything, content nothing, and the small print — well, ads with small print never win awards.

HAVING FOUND Jenkins's grasp of detail to be inadequate, let us turn to his policies. There are some things that any non-Thatcherite would find acceptable. For example,

> It is essential that we use a large part of the oil revenue for productive public sector investment: railway electrification, public transport generally, the expansion of British Telecom, energy saving and insulation work, the development of renewable sources, the renewal of outdated water and sewerage systems.

Jenkins also wants a lower exchange rate, lower interest rates, an increase in private sector profitability and a flexible incomes policy.

Looking at this shopping list, one wonders why Jenkins left the Labour Party. Every item is either Labour policy, or being actively promoted within the party (see Patrick Wintour's story on page 3). In any case, nobody will persuade me that Jenkins is setting up a new party out of a burning desire to renew Britain's sewers.

So what is the distinctive new politics that Roy Jenkins and the social democrats are offering? Their catch-word is 'decentralise'. Jenkins speaks of 'as decentralised and unbureaucratic economy as possible.' The Limehouse Declaration called for 'more decentralisation of decision-making in industry and government'. David Owen, in *Face the Future,* wants to revive 'the decentralist stand of socialist thinking'.

We all want more power for *us,* and less for *them.* However, Jenkins's specific policies — for North Sea oil, public sector investment, the exchange rate and so on — are all national policies, requiring centralised decisions. When I asked him about industrial policy and high technology, Jenkins displayed admiration for the French — whose single-minded centralised approach, backed by large government subsidies, has made the country the most successful in Europe in many spheres of microelectronic technology.

I asked Jenkins what exactly he would decentralise. He answered by speaking about 'market forces'. I think I smell a euphemism in the air.

At least Jenkins didn't make the same mistake as Dick Taverne, his fellow social democrat. At a lunchtime meeting at the Policy Studies Institute a few weeks ago, he too was asked what he would decentralise. The example he gave was education: let local authorities respond to the demands of local parents and decide how to run their schools, free from Whitehall's guidelines.

One member of the audience become somewhat indignant at this. 'Dick, do you really mean that? In America they have a decentralised schools system, with states doing what they want and no federal control. As a result Connecticut spends six times as much per pupil as Louisiana. Is that the kind of thing you want to happen here?'

The interesting point about this speaker was that she knew a thing or two about education. She had been education secretary. She was, to be exact, Shirley Williams.

Taverne retreated: maybe education policy should remain national — but he was sure there were other things you could decentralise.

That's one of the defects (though by no means the only one) with the social democrats. When you ease your way round the generalities and tackle them on detail, they come unstuck. And if the details are wrong, why should the generalities be right? Hence the moral of Jenkins's Korean gaffe: would you want to ride in a plane whose pilot could say 'wizard prang' with the best of them —but who couldn't read the instrument panel? □

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POLITICS

Taking on the tobacco men

CHRISTOPHER HIRD reports on the coming battle over the banning of cigarette advertisments and reveals some of the tobacco companies' tactics.

THIS WEEK, with appropriate pride, the *Sunday Times* told its readers of the paper's success in winning one of the top awards in the World Press Photo Contest. The prizewinning issue was an October edition of the paper's colour magazine with the story of a heart transplant at Harefield Hospital. What the *Sunday Times* did not tell its readers was that this same edition has cost the paper £500,000 in lost advertising because the tobacco company W. D. & H. O. Wills does not like what the paper says about cigarettes.

The *Sunday Times* story of the transplant operation was accompanied by an article by the paper's medical correspondent Oliver Gillie entitled 'How the lives of seven men were changed by a heart transplant'. In five of these

> or lift anything. Ken smoked 60 cigarettes a day, at first Senior Service and later Embassy King Size, and they were helping to kill him.
>
> John whose heart was permanently damaged by smoking 60 cigarettes a day – Benson and Hedges were his favourite brand. Soon John was back in hospital again.
>
> and got through 40 a day himself, sometimes 60. His favourite brands were Senior Service, Player's No 6 and Piccadilly – they were a major factor in his illness.

Extracts from the *Sunday Times* article that brought the wrath of the tobacco men.

case histories Gillie said clearly that smoking had damaged the patient's hearts. And — probably for the first time in British journalism —he named the cigarettes which they smoked (see panel above).

Now, as it happened, in the middle of Gillie's article there was a full page advertisement for Embassy — one of the cigarettes specifically blamed for helping to kill someone. Normally, in the *Sunday Times,* as elsewhere in Fleet Street, the advertising department is warned if an article critical of a particular advertiser or industry is appearing so that the advertising schedule can be rearranged to ensure that these adverts do not clash with the offending article.

However, on this occasion the system failed. Wills, makers of Embassy, complained, were not charged for the ad and got another one free. However, not long afterwards, they decided to withdraw £500,000 of booked advertising from the paper. Confronted with this, Wills marketing manager Mr Brian Cloake tried to maintain

The youthful baronet and the ageing knight: combatants in the tobacco war. Sir George Young (left) and Sir James Wilson.

that a decision had been made to switch to the new *Sunday Express* colour magazine whilst the future of the *Sunday Times* seemed 'shaky'. The course of subsequent events does not support this explanation.

Nick Hill, the ad Manager in charge of Wills account at the *Sunday Times*, went immediately to the paper's board, asking if there was any way in which Wills could be placated, with, perhaps, a statement that there was no 'campaign' against smoking. The *Sunday Times* has a good record on reporting the evidence against smoking and, indeed, since last October has continued to do so. The board discussed the possibility of banning all cigarette advertising from the paper. But a majority were against making this stand and editor Harold Evans was given the job of drafting a proposed editorial policy on smoking, which could be shown to the tobacco companies (though not the readers).

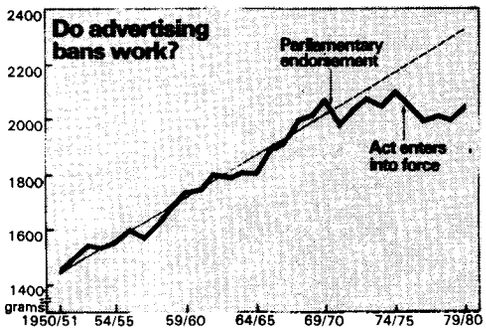
Towards the end of last month Evans produced a statement which committed the *Sunday Times* to a policy of not campaigning against cigarette advertising. The distractions of the Murdoch takeover, have delayed the dispatch of this to Wills, but it is clear that in its heart the board has already capitulated to what is one of the most extreme and brazen examples of interference in editorial policy by an advertiser.

But then, from the tobacco companies' point of view, the times call for drastic action. The tobacco companies know that there is now a real prospect that the cosy voluntary agreement which regulates their industry will be replaced by legislation banning advertising. On any assessment the *Sunday Times* is the one national paper in Britain likely to campaign on this issue: if it were a pharmaceutical drug that were being sold and killing people it would probably have done so long ago. Any industry that was about to face a major public, political battle would normally only dream of doing what Wills have done: neutralise one of its most effective potential opponents.

OVER THE LAST twenty years the tobacco industry has survived by voluntary agreement, which has given it plenty of time to come to terms with the fact that it produces a killer. In public the tobacco companies now take the position that the argument over health and smoking is a 'medical controversy', on which it is not appropriate for them to comment. But their own scientists' research shows them that smoking is bad for you and privately senior tobacco men confess it to be true.

Voluntary agreements have given the tobacco companies the opportunity to shape the form of control through lengthy negotiations, which are an irritating call on a busy minister's time. They have also used their time well to diversify their businesses. A company such as Imperial now employs less than 15 per cent of its British labour force in cigarette making. They have also expanded in the Third World and in developing countries where governments welcome the help that international companies give in establishing tobacco growing

The graph right (of tobacco consumption in Norway) appears to show that anti-smoking publicity and advertising bans work. But the Tobacco Advisory Council in its publication *Advertising Control and Their Effect on Total cigarette Consumption,* published earlier this month concludes: 'The constant factor of the advertising ban since 1975 has had no effect on consumption'. They managed to do this by ignoring the substantial publicity surrounding parliamentary endorsement of the ban in 1970, when , it claimed, the Norwegian market had 'reached maturity' and becomes 'fully developed market'. As per capita consumption was less than in the UK and as less than half the population smoked, this concept is hard to grasp. TAC also failed to mention both the fall in the number of daily smokers among adult Norwegian makes between 1973 and 1979 — from 51 to 43 per cent — and the



greater fall among the young. And it ignored the fact that in 1979 the price of tabacco was lower in real terms than in both 1970 and 1975.

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The tobacco companies abroad: Varsity is made by the Nigerian Tobacco Company, a subsidiary of British American Tobacco.

industries, as it provides both employment and taxation income. Controls over their activities are correspondingly less onerous than in the West: the adverts shown above, for example, would not be allowed in Britain.

But the development of the companies into multi-product multinationals has itself produced a hardening of their attitude as the tobacco business became just another division and another stepping stone on the corporate career ladder. The companies have found endless ingenious ways round advertising restrictions and resisted virtually every control on their activities. Now it looks as though they may have met their match in the form of Sir George Young, Bart, Eton and Christ Church, Oxford, and Tory MP for Ealing Acton.

Young, as his career as an economist at NEDO and the Post Office, suggests, is no Thatcherite. From 1974 to 1979 he was also one of the few MPs on whom ASH, the anti-smoking lobbyists, could rely for unswerving support. His interest in the subject of preventive medicine stemmed largely from visits to hospitals in his constituency in the company of Dr Keith Ball, currently chairman of ASH.

Convinced of the evidence on smoking and health, Young steadfastly refused all invitations from the tobacco industry to lunch with them or to visit their factories. Indeed, he never met anyone from the industry until 1979 when, to the companies' horror at age 37 he was made a junior health minister and given the job of renegotiating the voluntary agreement with the tobacco companies.

MOST OF YOUNG's civil servants at the Department of Health were convinced of the need for greater controls over the advertising of cigarettes. Experience suggests that banning cigarettes advertising, including sponsorship if possible, is a useful part of a complete programme to cut smoking, especially in discouraging young people from starting and encouraging people to give it up completely. But clearly, as Young himself recently said: 'a government must use all weapons at its disposal — price, control over advertising, health education, and persuasion.'

But even with this clear understanding of the issue Young faced a familiar problem of new ministers. Mike Daube, previously director of ASH, recalls a senior civil servant saying to him at an international conference in June 1979, 'Sir George has got a lot to learn; you must stop thinking of him as your man.' This man has now been moved on and disconsolate civil servants have been heard to complain that you will never get anywhere in the ministry unless you accept the ASH line.

Young could also call on the support of his senior minister Patrick Jenkin who certainly became convinced that it was worth taking a firm stand with the tobacco companies. At the end of December 1979 Jenkin chaired the first session of the negotiations with the Tobacco Advisory Council, who were lead by their chairman ex-soldier Sir James Wilson.

Jenkin read out the department's shopping list: an end to all poster advertising, an end to all remaining advertising on TV and in the cinema, a reduction of all remaining advertising by 50 per cent and a new health warning on cigarette packets. The TAC could not believe their ears: they said at once they could only go on with the negotiations if the government promised to keep these proposals secret and, privately expressed their disenchantment that a Tory government had made such proposals.

Almost a year of acrimonious negotiations followed. Sir George Young made it quite clear that his aim was to reduce cigarette consumption and therefore associated diseases. This aim, he said, was not negotiable. Sir James Wilson complained of ministerial 'diktat', and of the minister's aim of 'the extinction of our business'. He also engaged in some clumsy arm twisting.

Before the negotiations on the voluntary agreement started the TAC had been discussing the implementation of some of the recommendations of the Hunter Committee, which had been set up to advise the government on smoking and health. Its suggestion for a rather leisurely reduction in the tar content of cigarettes delighted the tobacco companies. They said they would be willing to provide £1 million a year research to monitor the effect of these changes. Although trivial in relation to the profits of the tobacco companies — and viewed cynically by them —this represented a large budget for genuine independent research. But early in the negotiations with Sir George Young, Sir James Wilson made it quite clear that this money would not be forthcoming if the Government failed to settle a new voluntary agreement.

THE COMPANIES got their voluntary agreement and at first glance it looks like quite a victory, when compared with the original Jenkin shopping list: a 30 per cent reduction in poster advertising; new and more varied health warnings and 'restrictions on promotions aimed at young people and promotional offers generally'. But the real defeat for the companies was in the length of the agreement.
The companies hoped for a five year agreement, though, as they said they realised four and a half years might be best 'for political reasons' — the next agreement would be then signed just before the next election. In fact the new agreement runs out in March 1982. This represents a little more than a truce before the real battle, as the agreement is extremely unlikely to be renewed.

The industry know this very well. Soon after the new agreement was announced in November an intensive lobbying campaign started in Parliament with the aim of persuading MPs that banning advertising was not the way to reduce smoking. As part of this operation earlier this month the TAC produced a pamphlet *Advertising Controls and their Effects on Total Cigarette Consumption* (see box). As the pressure on the *Sunday Times* shows, they are in deadly earnest to prevent support building up for the idea of a legal advertising ban.

The last time the industry was so worried was in 1976 when David Owen proposed to bring tobacco substitutes and additives under the Medicine Act — which allows the minister, by parliamentary order, to control the sale of substances 'capable of causing danger to the health of the community.' The tobacco companies soon realised that this was the thin end of the wedge and enormous resources were devoted to finding every sort of argument against the principle. Owen became bogged down in negotiations long enough for them to last until he became Foreign Secretary. The industry emerged victorious.

There is little prospect of the current government simply picking up where Owen left off. There are sufficient cabinet members — such as Sir Keith Joseph — who support the industry, not to mention sports and the arts which are dependent on tobacco sponsorship. But recent opinion polls show increasing support for controls on smoking and the companies themselves are seriously split: those with declining market share and little long-term commitment to the industry could benefit from a ban on advertising, whilst aggressive companies such as BATs — trying to establish itself in Britain — are strongly against. Furthermore, some of the companies' own PR among MPs has been so crude that their support is less secure.

Next parliamentary session will almost certainly produce some sort of health services bill, tidying up many odds and ends. This would provide an ideal opportunity for a backbencher to propose an amendment on tobacco, which all the health ministers — and some other ministers — would support and which could then be carried on a free vote.

This is, not, of course, a complete strategy to reduce smoking or deal with the power of the tobacco companies but, if achieved, it would be more than any other government has done so far. □

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IBERIAN CRISIS 1

Tejero's dizzy coup attempt

JULIE FLINT writes from Madrid

IF AT FIRST you don't succeed — try again. The question, of course, is how many more times? The two chief rebels in the abortive Spanish coup were two top army officers deeply involved in a similar plot 27 months ago: the Galaxia Conspiracy.

That time Lt-Col Antonio Tejero — who led the Civil Guards' assault against Parliament on Monday — planned to kidnap Prime Minister Suarez and a whole Cabinet meeting. In the final days of planning his 1978 attempt, the madcap Tejero helicoptered to Valencia to confer with Captain-General Jaimes Milans del Bosch, spiritual father of the extreme right.

This time, as Tejero made his move in Madrid, joined by two unimportant officers, Milans del Bosch moved in Valencia: sending his tanks into the streets more than an hour before the Madrid Parliament met. Guns aimed, they surrounded the Socialist city hall. Troops occupied the TV and radio stations.

It's now clear that the military plotters had for a while some chance of prevailing in much of Eastern Spain. The Captains-General of Seville and Saragossa took many hours to decide against joining Milans del Bosch. The military governor of Cartagena and Murcia rallied to Valencia. In Madrid, an infantry colonel and two civilians barged into the offices of military governor Rafael Allende and tried to strip him of command. He pulled a pistol, and resisted successfully.

THE PLAN had been maturing for three months: the aims were a military government to crack down on the Basques, and an end to divorce, strikes, demonstrations and political parties.

The King did not go on TV to rally democracy for almost seven hours. Interior minister Juan Jose Roson said the delay was caused because the heavily-armed convoy taking Juan Carlos's taped speech to the TV station used small back roads. But it's also certain that he didn't want to appear until it was clear the rebels had lost.

The government, headed by Calvo Sotelo since his election on Wednesday, has delighted the left-wing opposition by moving with unprecedented speed and vigour to stamp out rebellion. Dozens of officers, including Milans del Bosch and the army's deputy chief-of-staff, Alfonso Armada, have been arrested. Armada, who has spent 26 years on the King's staff, is said to have been arrested because, when he went to Parliament to talk with the rebels, he offered Tejero an aircraft to escape from Spain. ('They make me dizzy', said Tejero, refusing.)

Last time, Tejero's plot got him only a seven-month term. But this time the government is taking things extremely seriously: his own guess that he will spend a long time in prison is likely to be correct. □

AP

Lt. Col Tejero invades Parliament.

PAUL PRESTON* adds

THE TRAGI-COMEDY of the 'coup' highlights both the strengths and weaknesses of Spanish democracy. Tejero has brought into the open widespread doubts about the constitutional loyalty of the forces of order. After successive outrages by the police, the government recently appealed to Parliament not to raise the issue for fear of worsening an already tense situation.

After 40 years' employment as Franco's armed fist against unions, socialists, communists, liberals and regionalists, the police and Civil Guard find it hard to accept yesterday's outlaws as today's Establishment — and many of the judiciary share their feelings. Moreover fascist journals like *El Alcazar* and *Fuerza Nueva* — often distributed free in the barracks — argue consistently that democracy means violence and instability.

In the last three years the police have shown suspicious zeal in the use of truncheons, tear gas and rubber bullets against left wingers in general and Basques in particular. The gratuitous and provocative ferocity of the police has gone so far as officers rampaging and looting their way through the suburbs of San Sebastian.

The problem is 'who will expropriate the expropriators?' but posed in exceptionally severe form. Tejero's action comes just two weeks after the fierce outcry following the relevations that a Basque ETA suspect was tortured to death whilst in police custody. And the trouble is that because of similar feelings among the judiciary the few prosecutions which have taken place have hardly resulted in exemplary sentences. Tejero, himself, notoriously, is an example of the syndrome, for after the discovery of his plot against the regime he served only seven months of house arrest before being restored to command. Given deterrents of this sort it is hardly surprising that there should be a temptation to recidivism.

Juan Carlos has gambled the future of his Bourbon dynasty on the success of democracy, and it would be churlish to deny his contribution — especially in preserving a fragile democratic loyalty among the officer-corps. But it remains absurd for constitutional government to hinge upon the courage and goodwill of a single man.

Last Monday night, left-wingers all over Spain were burning membership cards and destroying party lists. Memories of Franco persist: moreover, the lesson of Chile is taken to be that general strikes cannot stop today's military hardware.

The events of the week have therefore placed firmly on the agenda the question of whether instant revulsion against Tejero's lunacy can be turned into a programme for establishing the loyalty of the armed forces to the constitution. In 1932 an abortive military coup saw the left rally with the centre to introduce agrarian reform and give autonomy to Catalonia: democracy was strengthened by an outright challenge, and there is no reason why it should not happen again.

The failure of the Second Republic in Spain, and of the Allende government in Chile, occurred because both of them introduced reforms which threatened oligarchic interests. Accordingly efforts were made to enrage the middle classes, to destabilise politics, and to provide justification for military intervention. As Tejero has found, such a scenario is not easily transferred to Spain in the 1980s.

Spain has become a sophisticated industrial society. Her oligarchs are not feudal landlords, but industrialists and bankers, who see trade unions as more useful to their interests than police terror, and who perceive that Spain's much-desired entry into the EEC demands democratisation. Thus the historic struggle for democracy on the part of the traditional left came to be reinforced in the mid-70s by influential economic interests once loyal to the Caudillo. The consequent growth of a wide consensus regarding the need to adjust Spain's political mechanisms to her changing social realities was the central factor in the tolerably smooth process of democratisation, and is the present regime's greatest strength.

Obviously, the coincidence of interest between the left and Spanish capitalism is at best conjectural. A democracy which permits social

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contracts during an economic recession is an end in itself for progressive industrialists, but merely a step on the way to a complete transformation of society for the left. Nevertheless, as Col Tejero has inadvertently shown, the period of stabilisation is likely to go on for some time. That is why his tragi-comedy should be seen as an opportunity, rather than as a disaster. The glimmers of hope are there to be seen.

The most important of these probably derive from the fact that, in spite of the ETA's proclaimed intention to use terror in order to provoke military intervention, the Basque country was one of the quietest places to be during the extraordinary drama of Monday night. □

IBERIAN CRISIS 2

Can Portugal find consensus?

KEITH MIDDLEMAS looks at the Left in Lisbon

LAST AUTUMN Portuguese politics were febrile, and potentially explosive — with the Communists and the unions readying themselves to defend the 'gains of the revolution' against Premier Sa Carneiro's blunt proposals for a return to private enterprise. Talk of going clandestine again has not been heard since President Eanes's electoral triumph over the right; and relaxation of tension since Sa Carneiro's death in a mechanically-suspect light aircraft has been enough to make one far-right newspaper question again whether his death was indeed accidental.

A galaxy of economic problems remain — oil costs, drought, low productivity, excessive public wage settlements — but it is worth assessing the prospects that the political system can allow genuine debate over them to take place, now that the gladiatorial stances of left and right have been, for the moment, eased. (Gaston Thorn's declaration that a realistic date for EEC entry should be put back to 1985 has also contributed to a change in the atmosphere.)

Eanes has been confident enough to select a civilian as his defence minister, and Premier Francisco Balsemao is a natural social democrat: his government, with a small but effective parliamentary majority, offers the real prospect of a four-year term after a sequence of unstable technocratic or minority governments.

BIG QUESTIONS remain. The governing Democratic Alliance (AD) is still an alliance of convenience, with only a short-term history. Balsemao's power is at least partially in pawn to Freitas do Amaral, leader of the small conservative party CDS, who has withdrawn from the Cabinet — though not to the back benches — in order to organise the Alliance in the country. This accounts for the ambiguity of many government declarations on such issues as nationalised banking and land ownership.

The restoration of lands to its former owners seems likely to proceed as slowly as it did under Mario Soares's minority Socialist government, cushioned by state aid for the whole agricultural sector. Much depends on whether Soares himself will, tacitly, meet Balsemao in the centre and try to create the kind of consensus which appeared in Britain during the mid-50s.

Soares is now striving to regain his own party authority, having tried — and failed — to bring the Socialist executive out against Eanes when the president began negotiating with the AD. As he controls the party machine, and the finances, he will probably succeed at the next congress in May. But he will probably be tied down by his opponents, and the result will be to leave the Socialists in no condition to trouble the government. Such is Soares's vanity and ambition that the conflict between his party and himself might not be resolved unless he were to seek the Presidency in 1985.

The Communists are keeping quiet. Although the party lost a number of seats in October, the trend of its vote continued to suggest that it is making slow progress towards becoming a national party: in the localities, it now looks quite like the Italian CP, circa 1965. But two handicaps have emerged with greater clarity: lack of media access, and vulnerability to events in Eastern Europe.

The first might be remedied by fund-raising, but Soviet interference in Poland inevitably raises problems with new recruits, and with militants who see in Solidarity's problems a reflection of their own struggle against Salazar. For the moment, the leadership approves Solidarity's aims, while deploring its 'imprudence': after the Socialist congress, we may see a return to the old Popular Front dance, perhaps in some novel form based on Socialists, Communists and the AD voters who supported Eanes.

EANES HIMSELF shows few Gaullist symptoms, despite the attempt of AD sources to present him as potential leader of a presidential centre party. He is more likely to concentrate on uncontentious constitutional reform, upon preserving the armed forces' autonomy, and development of a foreign policy based on Portugal's unique relationship to the Third World.

Whatever the centre's ideological shape, any regrouping would be contingent on a socialist split. It is more likely that the PS and AD will agree on modest constitutional reform, with division of the Council of the Revolution into a civilian Council of State and a Supreme Court. Locked into such a debate, they are not likely to raise the ideological stakes.

If established, such a pattern would probably be mirrored in industry. The CGTP-IS has already moved a long way towards becoming a national, cross-party union confederation. Until recently the employers in the Patrionat placed their faith in Sa Carneiro's rhetoric about rolling back the public sector: now, they may have small choice but to accept centre-right Keynesianism and the kind of accommodation with organised labour which has begun in Spain with the Moncloa Pacts.

Only in a climate of diminished political conflict is it possible for there to be changes in work-pattern, productivity, investment and technology — and without them, Portugal simply dare not enter the EEC. Col. Melo Antunes, a former foreign minister and long-time anti-EEC spokesman, still talks of 10-15 years' negotiation as a minimum. It seems quite possible that the various power-groups in Lisbon will continue to delay entry, at least until Spain, with its greater imbalances and tensions, has tried and either succeeded or failed. □

Keith Middlemas's Power and the Party — Changing Faces of Western Communism *was published last year by André Deutsch.*

BEAT THE BUDGET
A New Statesman Wine Offer

First, the bad news. The wine trade think it's inevitable that the Chancellor will increase duty in next month's budget. (This, of course, isn't a novel Tory desire to lean on the upper classes. Table wine is now drunk in more than half of British homes.)

Now, the good news. You can get a few glasses ahead of Chancellor Howe with this budget-beating offer of a case of good French wine, delivered to your door for £23.75 all-in. That's under £2 a bottle for wine with a touch of quality.

Each case contains

6 bottles of Domaines Les Milles VDQS, a flinty, dry white produced in vineyards a few kilometres from Aix-en-Provence.
6 bottles of Chateau St Vincent VDQS, a red Costiere du Gard, similar to the wines of nearby Cotes du Rhone.

But Hurry! Our shipper needs to receive your order before Budget Day (10 March) **so this offer is for TWO WEEKS ONLY.**

YES, I wish to get ahead of the Chancellor with a case of good French wine.
I enclose a cheque for £23.75 payable to **NEW STATESMAN.**

NAME.....

FULL POSTAL ADDRESS*.....

.....

.....

Please send your cheque with your order to **New Statesman (Wine Offer), 10 Great Turnstile, London WC1V 7HJ.**

*Sorry, but because of carriage costs this offer applies only to the UK mainland. Please allow up to 21 days for delivery.

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The Collector: PART 3

REUBEN AINSZTEIN on the recapture and final downfall of Pieter Menten, Nazi exterminator, art thief and blackmailer.

MENTEN'S ESCAPE led to a savage debate in the Dutch Parliament, lasting 14 hours and conducted before television cameras. Premier Van Agt promised an inquiry to discover the source of Menten's tip-off, and a police search to bring him back to justice. Neither promise was redeemed.

Menten was recaptured through the efforts of the journalist Hans Knoop and the German magazine *Stern*, which offered him the use of its foreign network. On 6 December 1976 a freelance correspondent in Switzerland telephoned *Stern* and said that for 5,000 deutschmarks he could reveal Menten's hiding place.

That evening Knoop and three Dutch police officers flew to Zurich, where a few hours later the Swiss authorities arrested Menten in his suite at the Hotel Illuster. 'Kämpfen, Pieter, kämpfen', shouted Meta Menten in German, as her husband was led away.

The Swiss-Dutch extradition treaty does not mention war criminals, and the expensive lawyers hired by Meta Menten — portraying their client as a victim of Jewish vengeance and KGB intrigue — suggested that the Swiss should expel him to a country of his choice, such as Ireland.

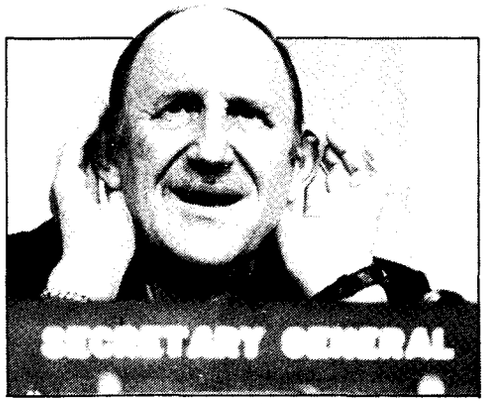
That campaign collapsed when Hans Knoop and Haviv Canaan (his first Israeli informant) revealed to the Swiss press the available evidence against Menten. Swiss embarrassment was not lessened by wartime memories of how the country had excluded Jewish refugees, and on 24 December Menten was returned to Holland, with the condition that he must be tried there, and not extradited to Poland.

MENTEN INSTANTLY claimed that he had lost his Polish naturalisation without regaining his Dutch citizenship: he was thus stateless, and couldn't be tried in Holland. The fact that this made Menten's previous accounts of his citizenship into perjury did not stop *De Telegraaf*, the most important Dutch newspaper, from leaping to his support and predicting that a trial would find him innocent.*

When proceedings began the defence, led by Lodewijk van Heijningen — a prominent member of the neo-Nazi Ritter van Rappard party — tried to repeat the 'Jewish conspiracy' ploy, with suggestions that Menten resembled Solzhenitsyn as a victim of the KGB. But when the evidence of mass-murder became overwhelming, there was a startling tactical shift. The prisoner alleged that in 1952 the Socialist Minister for Justice, Dr L. A. Donker — since then dead —had promised him immunity.

Already it was plain that Menten's long prosperity had been based in widespread tolerance of neo-Nazism. Now, the practical result of a grotesquely audacious claim raised the question of how deep that contamination might reach into one of the West's most civilised communities: setting off inquiries which were to reach to the foot of Juliana's throne.

When Menten received 15 years for just one of his massacres (at Podhotse in the Ukraine; see *NS* 13 February for details of this and other cases), there were appeals by the prosecution, and by his own lawyers, — who alleged 28 legal and procedural 'errors'. Of three appeal judges, two had belonged to the 'Committee for the Defence of Law', which was centrally involved in protecting Dutch collaborators after the liberation in 1945. In December 1977 the appeal court ruled that there had been a mistrial, because Menten's claim to have been promised immunity had not been properly investigated.



Joseph Luns: accused of Nazi sympathies.

The ruling's impact was intensified because it came within days of publication of the so-called *Report of the Three*, in which a team of scholars under official commission tried —unsuccessfully — to get to the bottom of the 'Velsen affair', one of the central scandals of wartime Holland. And, almost immediately, the two causes were linked together by testimony.

THE DEFENCE OFFERED two chief witnesses to the judge who was asked for a report on the 'immunity' claim. Henk Lunshof, a retired journalist, said that in the early 1950s Menten had retailed to him the story of Dr Donker's promise. The other was Dorothea Kortenhorst, widow of the founder of the 'Committee for the Defence of Law', and her evidence deserves quotation:

> My husband told me that he and the minister had agreed that he and Menten would be received by Donker . . . The purpose of the meeting . . . was to reach an agreement that Menten would not be prosecuted for alleged crimes of which he was suspected in the years 1950-52. In return Menten . . . would not make public what he knew about the Velsen affair.

Reconvening, the appeal court heard from a string of witnesses — including one of the *Three* — who denied that Donker, anyway, could have made any such deal. (His widow said later that Donker would have 'drunk Menten's blood' if possible.) Menten's witnesses were not cross-examined, but the presiding judge read their statements, and then allowed Menten a rambling two-hour speech, during which he said:

> In the early 1950s I managed to buy for a great deal of money a secret report from somebody that contained shocking revelations concerning high-ranking Dutch officials who all collaborated with the Germans during the war. The minister (Donker) knew that I had the report and was dead scared that I would publish it . . . I made a deal with him and I am willing to make a deal with you.

As part of the deal, he said, he would refrain from claiming any damages for wrongful imprisonment.

On 4 December 1978 the court handed down a decision accepting the story of a 'promise' from Donker, and saying that the prosecution 'had to respect the expectations' which it had aroused. Menten was set free, and his release created a major crisis in Dutch society.

NOTHING SO OUTRAGEOUS had emerged from a European court since Dreyfus: the process of counter-appeal and retrial lasted until 1981. Most impressive of immediate protests was a mass meeting before Amsterdam's Dokwerker statue (which commemorates the 1941 strike in which dockers and other workers tried to protect the Dutch Jews from Nazism). This, for the first time since 1945, united all the Resistance's political factions: a cohesion enhanced because Menten's liberation appeared as the centrepiece in a series of collaborationist scandals.

Of these, the 'Velsen affair', evoked in Menten testimony, remains especially ill-explained, despite exhaustive inquiry. The name comes from a small town where Investigative Judge Sikkel and some policemen organised a 'resistance' group: its chief activities were denouncing Communists to the Gestapo, blackmailing hunted Jews, and murdering some 50 members of the left Resistance after the Allies' Normandy landings. Post-liberation, Sikkel & Co turned to looting collaborator's houses, Menten's included: though names are known, no-one has been punished for these ideologically eclectic crimes.

What might Menten know of this, and other dark stories — after nearly 40 years' navigation through a political environment encompassing almost every combination of democratic heroism, amorality and enduring Nazi fanaticism? Just before his release, the National War Documentation Institute had revealed that Willem Aantjes, parliamentarian of 20 years' standing and leader of the ruling Christian Democratic alliance, had volunteered into the Waffen SS in 1944. He had been a guard at Port Natal concentration camp: just 10 miles from the infamous Westerbork camp, staging-post for thousands of Jews en route to death at Auschwitz or Sobibor.

Public inquiry might have probed numerous questions — had Aantjes, for instance, entered Parliament illegally? (Dutch citizenship is cancelled by foreign military service: a rule enforced, often with lethal results, against all Dutchmen in the International Brigades.) Premier Van Agt was emphatically not interested. Within 24 hours he had forced Aantjes to confess, and to resign.

The Luns scandal followed in March

*Hans Knoop's paper, *Accent*, was owned by the *Telegraaf* group. He resigned, after 17 years' employment, when the *Telegraaf* refused to print a reply from him. His brother, a *Telegraaf* reporter, followed suit.

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Camera Press

Prince Bernhard with bowed head as Queen Juliana abdicates.

1979. The Documentation Centre said there was evidence that Dr Joseph Luns, Secretary-General of NATO and former Dutch foreign minister, had belonged between 1933 and 1936 to the Dutch Nazi Party, the NDA. Luns, having said the charge was 'without foundation', changed tack after a visit to the Institute.

His brother, Luns now said, had listed him without his knowledge in the NDA: discovering it, he had at once withdrawn. Opposition demand for an inquiry was voted down, though it might have led to interesting questions: during the war Luns, as Dutch consul in Lisbon, was on sufficiently good terms with the German foreign office to assist in the exit from occupied Poland of a Dutch lady whose sister was Pieter Menten's mistress of the time (see *NS* 13 February).

Premier Van Agt insisted on accepting Dr Luns's claims that there had been 'misunderstanding' over his appearance in the NDA list. But he added that there would have been no need to do anything even if it had been conclusively proven that Dr Luns had been an active member of the Dutch Nazis.

Van Agt spoke for many middle-class Dutchmen uncomfortable about the past. Outright Dutch Nazis, for all their hideous enthusiasm — Holland's 25,000 volunteers for the Wehrmacht and SS exceeded any other part of the occupied West — were indeed a minority. But millions had voted for the conservative groups led by Hendrijk Colijn and G. J. de Geer. Colijn, five times premier, attacked the 'evils of democracy' in 1940, and advocated Dutch partnership with Nazi Germany. His successor de Geer *returned* from London, via Lisbon, to assist the German rulers of Holland.

The heroism of the dockers, of the resistance fighters who carried on surrounded by treachery, of the Catholic clergy who publicly denounced anti-semitism, was the coin's other, and much brighter side. But Holland's Jews, nonetheless, were largely exterminated. After liberation, only 37 of the Nazis' accomplices were executed: a sharp contrast to France, where 30-40,000 collaborators died, though often by rough and summary justice. The war became taboo: Anna Frank's diary, refused by six Dutch firms, had to be published first in London.

AGAINST THIS background, Menten's plain suggestion that he had blackmailed the Dutch elite was bound to carry weight. Suggestions that the royal family itself might be vulnerable to charges of pro-German behaviour — despite wartime exile in London — first surfaced at the end of 1978, with Queen Juliana's German-born consort Prince Bernhard as the target.

The magazine *Nieuwe Revu* published an article by Jan Pijper claiming that on 24 April 1942 Bernhard had sent a letter to Hitler saying that he and Princess Juliana (as she then was) would consider ruling in Holland under German tutelage. (On the day in question, both of them were in Washington). The article had been sent in advance to a number of politicians, and the Christian Democrat spokesman Professor Van Hulst demanded that the Van Agt government should take proceedings for *lèse majesté*. Nothing, however, happened.

The *Nieuwe Revu* article was based chiefly on the evidence of an ex-member of the Dutch Resistance named Jeanette Kamphorst, who claimed to have been given a copy of the letter by Gerhard Van Reede: a Dutch intelligence officer with MI6 connections, who caused the death of some 50 Resistance members as an SS double-agent. During the 1950s, she said, Van Reede used this letter to gain remission of a 15-year sentence.

Nieuwe Revu's extraordinary allegation gained some plausibility from the historical background. Long before, a parliamentary commission had been told that during latter 1942, the period of Hitler's greatest victories, the Dutch government in London had been planning a return to Holland in early 1943. But its principal impact arose from the fact that it had been made, and gone unchallenged — despite parliamentary concern in the aftermath of Menten's staggering defeat of the state's judicial machinery. It must be made very clear that Kamphorst has never substantiated her story, by never producing any hard evidence. But included in her tale is a potential explanation of a 'Menten connection': a means whereby Menten might have picked up sufficient material to suggest that he had a blackmailing hand.

Around 1949 Menten's lawyers interviewed Léonie Brandt-Putz, who despite her record as a German double-agent and mistress of the collaborationist Justice Minister Van Goselink, became an interpreter at interrogations of war criminals — such as Menten's old ally SS-General Karl Schöngarth, Nazi security boss in Holland.

Leonie, says Kamphorst, considered that these interrogations, plus documents bequeathed by Van Goselink *et al*, had made her privy to 'shocking' secrets of state. And her son told *Nieuwe Revu* that she had sold information from the interrogations to Menten.

BY THE LATTER 1970s, Bernhard's public record was scarcely one to inspire confidence. But secret doubts traced further back — as shown by an intellignce report produced by the American OSS* just before the end of the war, saying that Bernhard's choice of advisers in his role as commander of the Dutch underground had been 'sharply criticised'. There was particular reference to Bernhard's confidential adviser, Christiaan Lindemans — whose true identity as a German spy was just becoming apparent.

> The principal criticism of the Prince seems to be that . . . he has unfairly favoured certain groups and segments of the population. It is charged that a large part of his staff is drawn from the former membership of the *Orde Dienst* (Service for the Maintenance of Order) an underground group which remained passive throughout the occupation, and emerged only at the moment of liberation.

In short, Bernhard's real relationship was with the sections whose opposition to Nazism had been most equivocal. His reputation rose high during the years of the Cold War, but gathering disquiet about him came to a head during the term of the Menten Affair.

Late in 1979 appeared Wim Klinkenberg's *Prins Bernhard: Een politikie biografie,* which gave pitiless details of Bernhard's membership, pre-war, in the SS and the SA: of his responsibility for Lindemans, who had passed warning of the Arnhem operation to German intelligence; of his part in the Lockheed corruption scandals.

On the face of it, such an interlocking set of rumours, allegations and confessions on matters touching the essential legitimacy of the state ought to have been the subject of a wide-ranging public inquiry. In practice, the facts of Dutch history continue to make anything of the sort impossible.

But what seemed inevitable was that if Menten were to be retried that surrounding controversy, if not the trial itself, would involve repeated allegations against the whole social and political elite of Holland. The prosecution's appeal against his amazing release in 1978 had been successful, but Menten had succeeded in buying time by repeated allegations of ill-health, supported by distinguished and expensive medical opinion.

On 5 February last year the Supreme Court of the Netherlands decided that Menten was in fact fit to go before a special court in Rotterdam. On the same day, the two main Dutch left-wing parties, the Socialists and the Democrats '88, decided to suspend their campaign to abolish the monarchy.

Their decision was chiefly influenced by Queen Juliana's announcement that she would abdicate on 30 April, and thus remove Prince Bernhard from public life. There were, in fact, many pressures upon her: there can be little doubt that the long-drawn out Menten affair was a significant one.

Menten made no serious attempt to refute the eye-witness evidence against him, and his lawyers employed only orthodox, if determined, tactics in trying to take the case, fruitlessly, to appeal again. By the end of 1980, the accession of a monarch from a new generation had altered the political climate significantly: obviously, Menten's career of bluff and blackmail had relied on the guilt feelings of eminent citizens of a particular age group. Last month the final appeal court confirmed that Menten's war crimes convictions would stand and that he would spend the remainder of his life in confinement. Nobody perhaps will now discover just what he did know and what pressures he could or did apply.

He has, in a disturbing sense, won: justice at most has contrived a draw. He enjoyed the fruits of murder for 40 years: at the end some light, but not enough, has been thrown into a dark corner of European history. □

*Officers Strategic Services, forerunner of the CIA.

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JOURNALISM

French lessons for Labour

DENIS MACSHANE reports on a thriving left-wing press

ALL THOSE horrified by the supine acceptance of Rupert Murdoch's bid for *The Times* and *Sunday Times* should see a new film which has just opened in Paris. The film *Numéros Zéros,* celebrates the birth exactly four years ago of *Le Matin,* which has become, after *Le Monde,* France's best daily newspaper and is unashamedly socialist to boot. While it is rumoured that the British Communist Party's daily *Morning Star* is about to go weekly, the French Socialist Party, certainly as cash-strapped as its British *frère,* has this week launched a national evening paper, *Combat Socialiste*, a 16-page tabloid. Add to that *Libération* begun by Jean-Paul Sartre in the early 1970s: its political position is wonderfully anti-authority. It has solid reporting and excellent cultural coverage, sells about 45,000 copies a day (although an internal dispute at *Libération* over whether the paper should opt for greater professionalism at the expense of its current ultra-egalitarian style has led to suspension of publication for a few weeks). And, of course, there is the long-established Communist *L'Humanité* which, despite resignations by some of its best journalists in protest at the French Communist Party's new-look Stalinism, still sells a daily 80,000 copies. France thus has a national left-wing press which puts Britain to shame.

Numéros Zéros (the English translation would be 'Dummies' — the pretend papers prepared by journalists prior to launch date) is a fly-on-the-wall documentary of the weeks leading up to the first copy of *Le Matin* which appeared on 1 March 1977. *Le Matin* is the apostle of the liberal, workers' control-orientated wing of the French Socialist Party, but the film presents a classic, hierarchical, male-dominated vision of journalism. The paper's editor-in-chief and main financial backer, Claude Perdriel, quietly tells the editor what to do: he, in turn, passes on instructions to the deputy editors who tell reporters and sub-editors what's what.

In a scene that brought the house down in the Paris cinema in which I saw the film, *Le Matin*'s editor is shown discussing an article with a woman reporter: almost unconsciously his hand slips round her waist and he starts to fondle her while continuing to explain exactly what kind of paper he wants to see. Sexist editor or not, *Le Matin* is now solidly implanted on the French national newspaper scene, its circulation of 159,000 being about 12 per cent of all French national morning newspapers sold.

THE COMBINATION OF circumstances that led to *Le Matin*'s birth can be summed up thus: money, politics, a newspaper take-over and a newspaper distribution system which is legally obliged to get newspapers to all French sales outlets.

The cash was put up by Claude Perdriel's family — he is editor-in-chief of the *Nouvel Observateur* whose subscription list and pages were extensively used to garner support for the start of *Le Matin.* 42,000 subscribers were found before the paper got going — in France newspaper and magazine subscriptions form a much higher percentage of sales than in Britain. £750,000 was raised by offering widely dispersed shares. The total amount of backing from the Perdriel family has never been disclosed. Their fortune comes from various sorts of pottery — it is difficult to go to the lavatory in France without splashing against Perdriel porcelain.

The motives were frankly political. In 1976 the Union de la Gauche appeared to involve the French Socialist Party firmly in a treaty of eternal alliance and friendship with the French Communist Party. *Le Matin* was launched to offer daily support and coverage of what the French left was doing, saying and thinking without automatic support for the French Communist Party. The steadily declining sales of *L'Humanité* (down by a quarter since 1950) indicated that it could not act as the single journalistic standard bearer for a united French left.

However, according to deputy editor Roger Colombani, a burly Corsican who sits with his braces and half-moon glasses like a French William Hardcastle in a tiny glass-walled office overseeing *Le Matin*'s newsroom, the biggest reason for the successful launch of the paper was neither the cash nor the political circumstances. Rather, he says, it was the existence of a ready-made team of skilled journalists who were available *en bloc* to work for *Le Matin*. They came from *France Soir*, the country's mass-selling evening newspaper which was taken over in 1976 by Robert Hersant, roughly the equivalent of Rupert Murdoch.

Hersant's approach to union negotiations can be summed up by his remark: 'The first time I meet the unions I ask them if I can go for a piss: the second time, I tell them I am going for a piss: the third time, I piss all over them.' His record, from being a Nazi collaborator in the war to his current position as the single biggest newspaper owner in France, is unrelieved by any deviation from anti-labour virulence and relentless crawling to those in power. Colombani and 60 other journalists on *France Soir* decided they could not work for Hersant and let it be known that they would be available for new work.

The final important help for *Le Matin*'s success is the legally controlled newspaper distribution system in France which ensures morning after morning that *Le Matin* and *Libération* and *L'Humanité* and now *Combat Socialiste* are available wherever newspapers are sold in France. Go into the tiniest village in the Midi and there you will find as big a selection of left-wing papers and journals as is provided by only a handful of specialist bookshops in Britain.

The French printworkers' union is 100 per cent under Communist control and therefore not a political ally of *Le Matin*. Furthermore, French printworkers are every bit as tough when it comes to guarding jobs and decent wages as their Fleet Street homologues. Nonetheless *Le Matin* is printed with the most modern technology, though not direct input, including facsimile transmission for its regional editions, and has a much lower workforce than any national newspaper in Britain. Wages for all the staff are as high as anywhere in Paris and that atmosphere of so many socialist newspapers of too few people doing too many jobs for far too little money is completely absent from the professional, well-lunched ambiance of *Le Matin*'s office. Although the paper is still losing money, it is within the budget of its five-

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year plan for profitability.

The Socialist Party's new paper is altogether more modest. They have 20,000 subscribers, which is still more than the *Morning Star*'s circulation, and will operate with a journalistic staff of just 26. The decision to launch the paper was taken by the party's executive committee and the relationship between editor and party is not clear. Until May the paper can unite around Mitterrand's election campaign but afterwards problems of editorial control will certainly arise. But at least they will be solved on a living paper.

Each day in France, *Le Matin,* which is substantially to the left of either the *Guardian* or the *Daily Mirror,* sells twice the combined weekly sales of British left-wing journals. Anti-press rhetoric is a staple, and generally wholly justified feature of speeches by leaders of the British labour movement. The virulence has not changed much since Rupert Murdoch bought the *Sun* and *News of the World* 12 years ago. Since then the French left have launched and are sustaining three daily newspapers. Isn't it about time the British labour movement learnt to read French? □

INTELLIGENCE

The FO and the eggheads

How Whitehall schemed to inveigle Michael Foot, Bertrand Russell and a host of prominent intellectuals into the official propaganda machine. DUNCAN CAMPBELL, with research by ANDY THOMAS, uncovers the plot to unleash OCPGDI (LISC) upon an innocent world.

IT IS 1949. Iron curtains have fallen in the pronouncements of statesmen throughout the world. In London, the Foreign Office has been at work through the long winter preparing the final chapter in their propaganda plans.

They already had a department for sending out official propaganda. They had created a department for writing better propaganda, and added that in. They had just invented the new Information Research Department, dedicated to the circulation of dishonest 'black' propaganda about Britain's foes. Now, according to documents recently revealed at the Public Records Office, was to come the masterstroke.

Every colour of propaganda was now being churned out. The cause of the bureaucracy, however, required 'a gap to be filled on the positive side of our information work', R. L. Speight, who headed the Information Policy Department, minuted to Christopher Mayhew, Foreign Office Minister of State.

Speight's idea was a secret committee to promote democratic ideals — 'a body of leading figures working together on their own without evident government sponsorship' but of course 'with the Foreign Office in the background to give advice and guidance'.

It was to be a sort of Official Committee for the Promotion of Great Democratic Ideals (Leading Intellectuals Sub-Committee). The task proposed was onerous:

> It is not enough to awaken people to the menace of Communism and help them to find ways to combat it. They must also be convinced that there is a better alternative and that the spiritual and material welfare of the Western World can be more surely promoted by developing and extending our Western democratic way of life . . . it is a task for outside talents of a high order . . . it will be necessary to secure the services of well-known figures in different walks of life. . . We should want men gifted as writers, speakers and broadcasters with something of the crusading spirit and a determination to give of their best.

Moral glory must have radiated from the Foreign Office's Whitehall palace as they prick'd the names equal to such noble service. OCPGDT (LISC) would be a government committee like none before. The following names appear on the target list:

> Bertrand Russell; Harold Nicholson; Professor Toynbee; Dr Alan Bullock; Michael Foot; Professor William Robson; Professor Trevelyan (probably too old).

These folk 'would be needed both to help us with suggestions about publicity and to engage in publicity themselves *along agreed lines* by writing articles and books, giving lectures, broadcasting and above all, by *spreading the gospel*, amongst their own contacts both here and on the continent' (my emphasis). 'The persons chosen should be themselves men with an intellectual appeal for we feel that one part of the job to be done is to influence the intellectuals in this country and on the Continent, although it will be equally important to reach the masses'.

This brave venture would henceforth, it may be assumed, direct the efforts of the intellectual community along the Foreign Office's agreed lines. It would be a daring official *putsch* against silly and unnecessary free thinking intellectuals who weren't thinkly freely along agreed lines, nor rightfully spreading the desirable gospel. Should these souls not be recruited to OCPGDI (LISC), other names were suggested by the adventurous civil servants:-

> Dr Michael Oakeshott (Nuffield College); Professor Joan Robinson (London University), heir to Keynes and author of a critique of Marxist economics); Mrs Lindsay (Girton) and Professor Herbert Butterfield.

There were also Professors Charles Webster and D. W. Brogan who 'might be able to help with suggestions although themselves scarcely of the right calibre for the task'.

Last month, after these documents became available, the *New Statesman* canvassed the surviving prospective members of OCPGDI

An intellectual 'hit-list': their 'crusading spirit' was to be harnessed to Whitehall's propaganda machine. Left (descending): Harold Nicolson, Arnold Toynbee, Alan Bullock; centre left Bertrand Russell; centre right Michael Foot; right (descending) William Robson; G. M. Trevelyan; Joan Robinson.

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(LISC) to discover what, if anything transpired. The names on this list were, indeed, an unusual selection as many of them would, at one time or another, cheerfully have contributed to the maximum destabilisation of the British Foreign Office and many other organs of government. Michael Oakeshott, for instance, although indeed a conservative, scarcely admits the validity of any government regulation — certainly not intellectual regulation. Professor Oakeshott now writes:

> I would have rejected any such suggestion out of hand. . . The project itself seems to me a piece of pure fantasy devised by people hard up for something to fill in the day at the office. And as for the list of names suggested for the promotion of this, or any other, gospel — it is farcical.

Professor Alan Bullock does not now recall that the affair got further than Foreign Office files. 'Common sense seems to have prevailed'.

Professor Joan Robinson was, she now recalls, degrees more inclined towards Joe Stalin than the Foreign Office at the time in question. The characterisation of her work was complete nonsense. She now writes:

> I don't think it was necessary for them to set up this organisation.
> You can't bribe or twist
> Thank God the British Journalist
> But seeing what the fellow will do unbribed
> There is now no occasion to.*
> *Same applies to liberal intellectuals

— a slight adaptation of the well-known saw on our profession.

Michael Foot does not recall being enjoined to the aforesaid liberal intellectual crusade on agreed lines, either.

Once half a dozen of these worthies had signed up, the FO files reveal, there were plans to 'exploit the media of the cinema and stage (with) the co-operation of playwrights and film producers'.

The Permanent Under Secretary then happily added his own suggestions to the intellectual target list:

> I would have Birley, Koestler, Barbara Ward, Rev Collins, Denis Healey — rather younger and less orthodox.

As far as the official files go (the nastiest and most embarrassing material stays in the civil service and never makes it to the Public Records Office), this was OCPGDI (LISC)'s penultimate moment. The whole momentous project was submitted to Christopher Mayhew, Minister of State, who wrote:

> June 20th 1949: I am very chary. Lyric poems are not usually designed. The people who are on fire with this theme (and they are the only ones who can set others palpitating) do not need help from us. They are impelled eg Koestler, Barbara, Toynbee. Poets too, including even political poets, make bad committee men.
>
> I rather incline to pushing ahead with our pedestrian labours of upsetting the old illusions, which is a job for old lags like us and the FO and letting the poets lay their love to the people whom we disabuse.

Back at the Foreign Office. Cancel the plan. The Minister won't play. So let's go back to the old tricks: infiltrating newspapers, overthrowing foreign leaders . . . □

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MIDDLE EAST

Crisis over Jews who leave Israel

How many exiles will return? RIVKA FRIED reports

A BITTER ROW has erupted in Israel over the country's mounting emigration figures. Shmuel Lahis, the Director General of the Jewish Agency —and therefore a senior member of Israel's establishment — has resigned his job, accusing the Begin government of ignoring a problem so serious that 'it could threaten the existence of the state'.

Lahis's action comes two months after a secret 60-page report he had prepared on the subject had been leaked to the press. Lahis's report estimated that up to half-a-million Israelis were living in the United States alone. Lahis argued that emigration should be treated as a national emergency, to be tackled by a special task force headed by a deputy Prime Minister.

As the Jewish Agency is charged with the historic mission of encouraging every Jew to settle in Israel, the resignation of the agency's chief official is a serious matter. An article in *Khamsin,* a radical magazine on the Middle East, points out:

> Zionists view Israel as a state with a mission . . . A zionist state that does not absorb immigrants and whose citizens are leaving is in an acute crisis.

To talk to some of the emigrants considered to have caused this crisis, I visited the Shalom cafe on the Finchley Road in north London. The Shalom is a hangout for Israeli expatriates, its atmosphere reminiscent of the seedy cafes lining the main streets of Jerusalem. The dominant language is Hebrew: dark-haired men huddle in groups drinking Turkish coffee, rubbing their fingers against the winter cold. Many have lived in England for ten years or more, but only one would admit to having left Israel for good. As one veteran put it: 'What, stay here? No way. Never.'

NORMALLY AN outgoing and garrulous lot, Israelis are strangely withdrawn when pressed about their motives for emigrating. The Shalom cafe crowd initially refused to talk to me; at one point I heard the whisper 'Shin Bet' (Israeli secret service) behind my back. In other cases the reaction bordered on paranoia: several leftists and anti-Zionists living in London absolutely declined to be interviewed. One of them questioned my possible 'hostile intentions'. And another, who for obvious reasons will not be named, agreed to meet only after I signed a pledge not to use his name and occupation.

For the most part, however, the reticence stems from the hostility engendered by the stigma of *yerida,* a now-derogatory term for emigration which means descent. Moshe Machover, an anti-Zionist Israeli lecturing at London University, says he believes the entire terminology of emigration and immigration (in this case the Hebrew word is *aliya,* to ascend) is racialist. 'It only refers to Jews; the same term is not used in respect to non-Jews. They are simply migrants: an ordinary term which doesn't include a value judgment. But concerning Jews they have an ideological term.'

The reasons for the growing emigration are self-evident: the highest inflation rate in the world, month-long annual stints of army reserve duty, plus the general insecurity and struggle to make ends meet. A recent editorial in the influential newspaper *Ha'aretz* blamed emigration on 'the continuing state of war . . . the declining quality of life, the justifiable feeling that everything here is achieved the hard way.' It also spoke of the 'lack of inspiration from a government of cynical politicians.'

Moshe Machover went even further. 'Paradoxically, the Jewish state was supposedly created as a safe haven for Jews all over the world,' he said. 'But in fact it is the only place where Jews as a community are in real danger, apart from relatively minor incidents that can happen in France or Russia.'

An embassy source in London believes Israelis are torn and confused by the seeming urgency of events.

> You're pushed to deal with the most crucial problems of all — the Palestinians. You don't have time; everyone is on your back. It's a total onslaught and you have to make crucial decisions in a matter of days, months . . . People who are leaving are caught in the midst of this confusion. They're saying in a way: 'to hell with it all' . . .

Apart from economic and political considerations, many Sephardic Jews of North African and Arab origins complain of ethnic discrimination in Israel. Danny, an Israeli of Moroccan descent, left Israel 11 years ago. He says he wasn't driven out by discrimination alone, but he's happier in London. 'Here I'm a dirty Jew, like everyone else. There I was a *schvartze* (a black)'. One government survey has shown that 18 per cent of emigrants gave social inequality as their reason for departing.

The most embarrassing example of this was last October, when about a thousand Israelis accepted King Hassan's invitation and returned to Morocco. The Sephardim say they're treated like third-rate citizens in Israel, and discriminated against socially. One Yemenite living in London told me: 'In 1948, every Sephardic Jew was ready to die for Israel. Today they're not ready any longer.' □

POLITICS

Dear Minister, am I British?

The Nationality Bill battle: PHIL COHEN reports from the front line

'THE ADDITIONAL British citizens so created, with the right of abode here, would form a pool of considerable size and they would have little or no real connection with the United Kingdom.'

This sentence, part of the explanatory notes sent out by the Home Office to members of Standing Committee F on the controversial British Nationality Bill, has provided the focus for the first major debate between Tory and Labour MPs in the committee's opening session.

In committee room 14 of the Commons, with bright chandeliers illuminating the work of the 24 MPs — 10 Labour, 13 Tory and Ulster Unionist Enoch Powell — Home Office Minister of State Timothy Raison has been trying to convince his opponents that the bill is not racist, sexist or bureaucratic. With him sit Home Office experts near enough to whisper in his ear when he gets in a jam.

The front bench Opposition team of Shadow Home Secretary Roy Hattersley and Home Affairs spokesman John Tilley have no such expertise at hand. Their few advisors cannot speak directly to them but have to pass notes via the Labour whip for the committee, George Morton.

Hattersley complained about this disadvantage to Raison: 'My entire staff is only about one-tenth of what the Minister has in this committee alone,' he said when Raison criticised a Labour amendment as technically faulty.

Clause 1(1) of the Bill, which took up six and a half hours of debate and illustrated the gulf between the parties, abolishes the 700-year-old principle of *ius soli,* whereby any child born in the United Kingdom irrespective of parentage has automatic right to British citizenship. In its place is put *ius sanguinis,* or citizenship by blood.

Raison claims that through increased travel, more and more children are born here of visitors, student or work permit holders and illegal entrants. Even if they leave Britain with their parents, they have gained our citizenship and may one day return and have children creating 'a pool of considerable size.'

'In place of the *ius soli* we have come up with a system well suited to our times — dare I call it the *ius*

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Trying to take Enoch Powell seriously: Labour's John Tilley and Roy Hattersley

Britannicus?' said Raison. Powell remarked that the phrase was no good because its sex gender was neuter. Raison bowed to the professor of Greek but added that the clause was 'widely perceived as based on fundamental common sense.'

Labour MPs hammered Raison continuously as to how big the 'pool' was. 'Who are these people and how many of them are there?' asked Hattersley in his opening speech.

Raison appeared at the next session armed with copious statistics, but his figures did not end the bafflement of Labour MPs. There had been a dramatic increase in visitors to Britain, he said, and he ended up with an estimated 3000 to 6500 children born here each year to parents who were neither citizens nor settled. Raison's unspoken — and therefore unproven — implication was that the children would be black and therefore a problem.

THE OTHER issue that has raised the temperature is the definition of who is settled in the UK. The Bill says it is someone 'ordinarily resident in the UK or without being subject under the immigration laws to any restriction on the period for which he may remain.'

According to Raison many children would benefit from a concession the government is introducing that children living here ten years could claim citizenship anyway; it would be easy for them to establish proof of residence 'in most cases from their schools and doctors, or from other reliable witnesses.'

Labour's John Tilley said this would create 'an administrative nightmare' and laid into the Home Office with venom:

> To simply say the Home Office will do its best to help is not good enough. Hon. Members throughout the House know that time and again one of the most difficult aspects of their constituency casework concerns people who have to deal with the Home Office. They say they wrote to the Home Office three, six, nine, 12 or 18 months ago and had no reply.

This was the 'bitter experience' that many would face when they tried to clarify in law 'what we believe should be the birthright of their children.'

The Tories predictably defeated the Labour amendment 12-9, Powell siding with the Minister. The Ulster Unionist then sought to remove from the Bill provision for citizenship to be transmitted through the female line.

'A man's nation is a nation for which he will fight. Allegiance and the basis for citizenship are ultimately tested by the allegiance shown in the life and death conflict between nations,' he argued; women's role 'is the preservation and the care of life.'

Tilley called the amendment profoundly sexist and said modern warfare made nonsense of Mr Powell's argument. Then the only woman on the committee, Labour's Jo Richardson, in a powerful speech said he was encouraging young thugs to beat up black people, husbands to batter wives and men to attack and rape women with violence through his emphasis on the physical. 'He has given respectability to a very dangerous trend.' For once the Tories chose the right side of the line that separates decency from discrimination. Powell's amendment was defeated 19-2. □

Diary

CHRISTOPHER HITCHENS

■ I have had a fascinating communication from Lord Avebury, who has just returned from observing the 'elections' in Guyana. It seems that Dr Walter Rodney, the opposition leader who was murdered in June of last year, was killed by an assassin trained in Britain. Rodney was slain by a bomb concealed in a walkie-talkie radio. His brother, who survived the explosion, named as supplier of the bomb a man who attended a radio and electronics course at HMS Collingwood, the Naval Weapons school outside Portsmouth. He has since become unavailable for interview as a member of the Guyana armed forces. But it is good to know that Britain still leads the way in the supply of much-needed skills to the Third World.

■ The Reagan administration has not had a smooth ride on its first European jaunt. Enough is known about the Salvadorean government to induce real scepticism about its chances, and its merits. I went to a State Department briefing on El Salvador last Tuesday, and heard a courteous and skilful but unconvincing address from Ambassador Herman Cohen, the Deputy Assistant Secretary of State. He admitted that 'the government has narrowed' in its appeal to political forces in the country. He agreed that the American ambassador there, Robert White, had been removed from his post for publicly criticising the Reagan policy. He conceded that the local Catholic church was very guarded about the Duarte regime. But he insisted that the real trouble was vast shipments of Communist weaponry. It seems to me that not all those statements can be simultaneously true. If they were, then there would be no obstacle to the United States campaigning for 'pluralism and land reform' in Chile, Argentina and Brazil. Which, unless I have missed something, they have not . . . The initials of the Salvadorean Democratic Revolutionary Front are FDR. I suspect that Reagan has just never been happy with those letters.

■ David Garnett, who died last week, was a marvellous and inventive writer. He was one of the least good literary editors the *New Statesman* ever had, and didn't last long in the job (thus disproving the line of our current editor, who says that anyone who can write can edit as well. He even sometimes says that the converse holds true). *Lady into Fox* (1922) was probably Garnett's masterpiece. The transformation of Silvia Tebrick into a vixen, and her gradual abandonment of all the canons of good taste, is at times enthralling. I looked up the point where her husband bought a tame rabbit to test her reactions, and then trustingly left the room:

> Blood on the carpet, blood on the armchairs and antimacassars, even a little blood spurtled on to the wall, and what was worse, Mrs Tebrick tearing and growling over a piece of the skin and the legs, for she had eaten up the rest of it.

Critics dispute over whether Mr Tebrick, in one rather ambivalent passage, actually has carnal knowledge of the vixen. I'm firmly convinced that he did. What is not in dispute is that the ending, where Mrs T is devoured by a pack of hounds, is the best anthropomorphic criticism of blood sports in the language.

■ Got very drunk with James Baldwin last Thursday. (He stayed sober.) His film, *I Heard it Through the Grapevine,* shown on Wednesday night, recaptures the years of the early civil rights movement and talks to its veterans about how much and how little things have changed:

> Medgar, Malcolm, Martin, dead. These men were my friends, all younger than me. But there is a roll call of unknown, invisible people who did not die, but whose lives were smashed on the Freedom Road. And what does this say concerning the morality of this country, or the morality of this age?

In Reagan's America, talk like that sounds dated to the point of antiquity. But it's none the worse for it. And neither Baldwin, nor his activist brother David, show any sign of despair or cynicism. His parting advice to me was to remember 'that your ass is on a rope stretched *tight* over a crevasse, and it's a point of honour to have no net.' I've been brooding appropriately on this.

■ A strange letter has arrived from Dr Stephen Haseler's lawyers. They say that I suggested an agreement between their client and the virulent racialist views of Roger Pearson (*NS* 20 February). Nothing could be further from the truth. I merely said that they both sat for a while on the editorial board of the same journal. If anyone read the piece any other way, I'm sorry. Pearson has now left, after sitting for almost a year undetected. Haseler's lawyers don't deny that this outfit, the Heritage Foundation, has John Birch Society and other extreme Right connections (as I pointed out). I'm not sorry for those who mix themselves up in that sort of company and then come on as 'social democrats'. ▶

Roger Woddis

The Saviour

'That government (in El Salvador) offers the best hope of progress towards moderate democracy.'— US Secretary of State Alexander Haig.

Amid the dark night that descends
  On Latin American cities,
Dismaying our émigré friends
  Who sit on outlandish committees,
Behold a bright beacon that gleams
  And tells us Duarte is here —
El Salvador, bringer of dreams
  And Saviour of all we hold dear.

We shall not stand idly by,
  While towns are invested by terror;
The corpses that stare at the sky
  Were probably murdered in error.
You cannot tame ravening beasts,
  You need helicopters and guns
To pacify turbulent priests
  And rout revolutionary nuns.

With Congress as tight as a clam,
  Invasion is out of the question;
We don't want another Vietnam —
  But thanks for your timely suggestion.
And if it is simply a case
  Of driving the fiend from the door,
We shall not lack courage to face
  The terrible threat of the poor.

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■ One drivels on, trying to save what may be saved from the shambles of the Centre Party. The first thing they must do is take out some kind of copyright. Before me is a cutting from the *Brighton Evening Argus*. It announces the candidacy in the local elections of one Ian Cameron of the 'New Centre Party for Social Democracy', whose campaign literature shows his picture in between snaps of Shirley Williams and David Owen. Mr Cameron wants to register his 'disgust with the Labour Party's headlong collapse into Left-wing Trotskyite anarchy.' Mr Cameron is in favour of political realignment all right. Three months ago he stood in a by-election as candidate for the National Front.

■ Where does Michael Foot stand on the bomb? Several weeks ago I got a letter from a clergyman in Basingstoke, inquiring along these lines. I suggested that he write to the Leader of our Great Party and put the question plainly. Last week he received a reply. I should add that I did not solicit his comments, but he did say of the Foot letter that 'only an optimist could call it anything less than evasive'. It read:

> I would like to assure you that I stand by all the statements I made prior to my election as Leader of the Labour Party, including the emphasis which I placed at that time on our desire to press for the essential multilateral disarmament along with the steps we could take individually here in Britain. I think we must keep the campaign for world disarmament in this proper context. This is what I said before, and that is what I underline afresh now. We have to translate into effective action the various resolutions which were passed at the last Labour Party Conference, and I can assure you that I will be doing everything in my power to that end.

This letter confirms Foot's reputation for plain speaking, and adds to his standing as a master of English prose. The Reverend King still wonders whether Foot is or is not in favour of the British bomb. For myself, I wonder how he can 'stand by all the statements' he made prior to his election as Leader of the Labour Party. Does that mean from birth, or the day before?

■ The Foreign Office isn't much better when it comes to the use of English. Our former envoy in Moscow, Sir Geoffrey Harrison, is led like a bear onto the front pages of the national press to admit that he once had a fling with a KGB darling dressed as a chambermaid. In a prepared statement he said that 'as a trained diplomat, it was an aberration on my part'. Well, as an aberration it certainly wasn't a trained diplomat. What is the earthly point of people like Sir Goeffrey? They can't set us an example of morality. They can't set us an example of maximum security. And now it turns out that they can't set us an example of grammar.

This England

£3 book tokens for entries printed. (On postcard, please.)

☐ Susan Brown, cox of last year's Olympic women's four, is now almost certain to be selected to steer Oxford's boat race crew on 4 April. The main rival for the seat, Adrian Rossiter, dropped out of Oxford's squad on Friday to devote his time to the Council for Social Democracy. — *Guardian* (M. Carlson)

☐ Mr Freeman said: 'We support the IRA's bombing campaign in Britain, but we are not a military organisation. Ours is a peaceful group.' — *Observer* (B. Munro)

Cheep cheep

Arthur Marshall

I LIKE to keep kind readers abreast of any attractive additions and embellishments, though very few are now possible so lavishly have we down the years gilded the lily, at 'Myrtlebank' and a year or so ago we decided to improve the quality of the raised feeding area-cum-helicopter pad for the local and domestic birds (our robin now flies regularly into the house through an open window or door, rests awhile, has lunch — very partial to cake crumbs — and flies out again). Hitherto various palatable foods had been put out for them, especially in cold weather and frosty conditions, on a lowish stone table on my sunny terrace but the table was within easy reach of both the squirrel and the cat (a large marmalade called Ruff with an almost morbid appetite for Glenryck Pacific Pilchards in tomato sauce). And so, when a flourishing may tree that was, alas, ruining the roses had to go, we left five feet of the trunk in the ground on which to place a large and circular wooden table, secure from animals.

Enlisting local help, and one of the many blessings and amenities to be found in Appleton (there is even a lady shoe-mender) is a pullulation of gifted oddjobbers, I requested a wooden platform of a rain-resistant and anti-rot type (Teak? Oak?) and about four feet in diameter. 'Would you like a house on it?' I was asked. Somewhat baffled but not liking to seem either damping or unprogressive or not with-it, although very doubtful about what sort of construction was envisaged, I said, in my cheery way, 'Oh yes please' and in due course was summoned into the garden to view the results. Only my innate politeness prevented me from staggering back with a loud cry of dismay and falling in a dead faint into the lobelias. It was not so much a house as a stately home, a sort of Chatsworth of the bird world. The attics beneath its spreading roof provide nesting spots for, I suppose, tits and are complete with entrance holes and perches. There is a central area culminating in a kind of elegant colonnade for any birds planning a stroll after breakfast. There is a dining recess containing a round dining table at exactly beak height. There is a raised inner platform where one could shelter from the rain or even, at a pinch, spend the night. There are nooks here and crannies there and the narrow outside wooden rim forms a landing stage for those birds unaccustomed to alighting on roofs, perches, colonnades or, even, dining-tables. I said, as is my jolly custom, 'Oh how lovely!' and cash in suitable quantities changed hands.

At first the birds were either terrified or repelled or both. Pile the colonnade area and uncluttered rim as I might with tasty 'Swoop' and toothsome 'Trill' and lumps of fat and inviting mounds of sliced and crumbled Hovis, not a bird would come within a mile. The robin, a bolder type of customer, flew past from time to time but only to give me and Chatsworth a sneer. Disliking architectural conglomerations as I do myself, I suppose that the birds at first regarded it as a species of avian condominium, a word now widely popular in America (it's just been heard in *Dallas*, for reluctant Mitch and poor lascivious old Lucy inhabit one) and which, provided that you don't linger too long on the first two syllables, I take to mean a number of fairly de luxe dwellings somehow lumped together and run as a private undertaking by a residents' association.

But in course of time, familiarity with the building bred, not contempt but absence of fear and now at feeding times and when there is a nip in the air, as many as a dozen birds are to be seen exchanging jokes with friends across the dining area, or taking a constitutional round the outer rim or admiring the colonnade (a thing of beauty indeed), or just standing there, surfeited with good things and heaving a little. Emerging from 'Myrtlebank' at as early an hour as I can manage (roughly 8.20 a.m. so as to be at my desk and ready to Make a Start by 8.30), I ostentatiously, in case they are watching, bear with me the birds' breakfast in an enamel basin, the side of which I loudly tap to attract their attention ('Here comes that dotty old buffer again'). At the same time I call to them, just in case any are within earshot only. Just to shout the bleak monosyllable 'Birds!' into the crisp morning air seemed to me to be rather short and curt and unattractive and so I make use of the diminutive and call 'Birdenes!', adding an explanatory 'Tuck time!'.

Wishful to make the whole thing look less top-heavy and also partially to conceal the bare may tree trunk, now a dull and sorry thing compared to the constructional splendours above and which it so nobly supports, I planted two japonicas both of which have done splendidly so that later in the year Chatsworth will be nestling in a bower of reddish-pink blossom and delightful greenery. Perceptive visitors and those in any way theatrically inclined will see in it a likeness to the final scene in *Peter Pan*, the scene listed on the programme as 'Our House in the Tree-Tops' and in, of course, the Never Never Land, which we now call it, though Barrie supplied only one Never. It is to this house that Wendy makes her annual visit to dust and sweep and mend and spring-clean for Peter and to keep him in some sort of order ('Remember not to bite your nails'). Wendy's flying has by now got so rusty that she has to mount a broomstick, and she is now quite a big and lumpy girl ('Peter,' the stage directions disclose 'has already expressed displeasure at her growth.') and is doubtless already creating a small stir of manly interest in the particular area of London in which the Darling family lives. In case you can't immediately recall just which area that is, let me remind you. It is Bloomsbury. Wendy's mother, Mrs Darling, is described as 'the loveliest lady in Bloomsbury, with a sweet mocking mouth.' The play was first produced in 1904 when another resident, subsequently Mrs Woolf, was just 22. Well, well!

Barrie's tree-top home had birds too ('We see numberless nests all lit up, with fairies and birds quarrelling for possession') and I only wish that I knew more about their habits (the birds, natch). Do they, at other than parental periods, sleep in nests, and if not why not? Do they mate for life? How long does a robin live? All these and more are a great puzzlement but please do not bother kindly supplying answers as I have only to approach our local bird-watcher, the redoubtable Mrs Hooper, a fountain of natural history and other knowledge and who tirelessly stalks the hills, her binoculars lifting now to the right, now to the left.

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LETTERS

Saints can be wrong

From Brian Harrison

All Mr Foot's self-righteous huffing and puffng (*NS* 6 February) can't conceal from your readers the fact that Peter Kellner (*NS* 30 January) was correct in pointing out how Keir Hardie diverged from the Labour Party conference in 1907 not on *whether* women should get the vote, but on *how*.

Mr Kellner could also have pointed out that in politics quixotic good intentions are not enough, and that it is essential also to seek out the best way of giving effect to them. In 1907 all labour leaders agreed that the adult suffrage route to women's suffrage was the best, but Keir Hardie thought it also worth trying the apparent short-cut to women's suffrage offered by extending the existing property-restricted male franchise to women. This seemed at the time to have the best chance of getting through Parliament, but it was a route to women's suffrage which turned out to be sectarian and unsuccessful, if only because it underestimated the importance of party in the British legislature.

By 1907, the only way that a democratic party (Liberal or Labour) could conceivably have enfranchised women was through a democratic franchise package for both sexes. This was how women were already enjoying the vote in Australia, New Zealand and the United States, and it was how they were to get it in Britain in 1918 and 1928. It was the route to women's suffrage regularly preferred by the Labour Party Conference and the TUC, normally favoured by the Women's Co-operative Guild, and personally championed by labour women as prominent as Margaret Bondfield, Mary Macarthur, Margaret Llewellyn-Davies, Margaret MacDonald and Marion Phillips.

Under the influence of working people in London's East End, Sylvia Pankhurst came round to the same view shortly before the first world war. In her *Suffragette Movement* (1931) she wrote that 'in the light of later events, it is now obvious that a grave mistake was made in leaving the field of adult suffrage — the true field of the Labour movement — to those who were either hostile or indifferent to the inclusion of women'.

Mr Foot rightly points out that many anti-suffragists concealed themselves under the cloak of advocating adult suffrage, which seemed to have less chance of getting through. But when promoting good causes, you can't afford to be too choosy about the company you keep, and the right course for labour then and now was to promote the welfare of both sexes in collaboration, and hence to follow the adult suffrage route to votes for women.

Keir Hardie had some fine qualities, but even saints are wrong sometimes. Still, he's at least posthumously provided us all with the entertaining but odd spectacle of a party leader unfairly depreciating the past actions of his own party conference.

Corpus Christi College, Oxford

Merits of an exhibition

From Sir Hugh Casson, President, Royal Academy of Arts

Mr Hitchens (Diary, 13 February) is of course entitled to his own view upon the merits of our current exhibition 'A New Spirit in Painting', but what he calls ' a complete disaster' is, I'm glad to say, attracting an average daily attendance of 1,304 visitors, most of them, to our great delight, young people. This is a figure which compares, I suggest, well with the average daily attendance of, say, the recent and magnificent Stanley Spencer exhibition (1,473).

Of course, like all personal anthologies, its content is controversial and uneven in its appeal . . . and quite right too. The Royal Academy operates the opposite of the closed shop and the received opinion and it does not confine its exhibition programme to the work of the safely dead.

Two final comments if I may. The fees and expense allowance paid to the selectors was in line with current practice at the Royal Academy and elsewhere and was approved in advance by our council. The Palladian invitation seems to be a myth. Neither we nor the Italian Embassy have yet found any trace of it.

Piccadilly, London W1

Critics and authors

From Christopher Hampton

Since I believe that the critic's primary task is to define and elucidate the work he is dealing with, I feel I must object to the insensitivity with which Andrew Motion, in his disjunct review of my book *A Cornered Freedom* (*NS* 6 February), has seen fit to use the rhetoric of a single overtly rhetorical poem (incidentally misquoted) to attack the whole collection, and thus to stigmatise other poems in it which function in a radically different way. As a substitute for the difficult task of attempting a critical evaluation, such a tactic seems to me not only irresponsible and insulting; it confirms the arbitrary methods adopted by so many reviewers operating today in the literary journals.

No doubt Andrew Motion believes that with his cursory and unsupported assumptions he has done a competent job and given me my deserts. But I beg to doubt whether, by any proper standards of literary judgment, he has the right to deal with the poetic (or the social) value of anyone's work in such a manner. The complex dialectic process which makes a poem what it is demands from the critic a response at least as serious as that which the poet himself has made in writing his work.

161 Southwood Lane, London N6

An Irish protest

From Mary Holland, Irish Editor

I wish to object to the remarks about Rev. Ian Paisley's 'borrowed plumes' in Christopher Hitchen's diary last week, and even more to the fact that his diktat was implemented in editing my own article. This kind of cheap sneer by British left-wing intellectuals, dismissing Rev. Paisley as a figure of farce, has contributed considerably to the support which he now commands among the Protestant working class.

My dictionary defines 'church' as a place of worship and 'reverend' as a polite mode of address for clergymen. The Martyr's Memorial Church in Belfast is a place of worship and Rev. Ian Paisley is recognised as a clergyman not only by members of his own large congregation but by non-conforming churches all over the world. His doctorate of divinity was awarded to him by the Bob Jones University of South Carolina in recognition of his services to fundamental Protestantism.

All this probably sounds extraordinarily funny to an Oxford-educated Socialist sitting in Great Turnstile. I assure Mr Hitchens that Rev. Paisley is not a joke. Little is added to understanding him or the people he represents by the kind of snobbish comment which in Northern Ireland at least will be interpreted as prejudice of the worst kind.

c/o New Statesman

Sale of the century

From John O'Grady, Leader of Southwark Council

Your Surrey Docks article, 'Selling London in secret' (*NS* 13 February), contains so many factual errors that it obscures rather than enlightens an important development story for London.

You suggest that public consultation was restricted to 'a few public displays' but in fact Southwark and the GLC undertook one of the largest consultation exercises ever undertaken in Britain. Radio commercials, advertising, door to door leaflets, brochures and two very large exhibitions were undertaken. Nearly 2,000 visited the exhibition and, unlike the seven community groups, 74 per cent of the public's response was in favour of the Lysander Scheme.

Like your views on consultation, your financial assessment was woefully inaccurate. Our accountants and valuers prepared an objective financial appraisal of the shortlisted schemes. Only two developers, Lysander and MAB made a firm financial bid, even though all developers had known that this was a cornerstone of the development brief. Your comment on the rival MAB scheme's financial long term benefits omits to mention that this would be in 50-80 years' time. The supposed £9-12 million Asda offer, coming in another six months, is most interesting, since we have no knowledge of any such figure.

You say that Southwark and the GLC have invested £20 million in the site which Lysander will develop. Nonsense. The amount we have spent getting that site ready for development is £3m. We have spent the other £17 million in other parts of Surrey Docks — building industrial estates, municipal housing, leisure facilities and roads in the Surrey Docks to make a badly needed new mini-city for London. And we are spending many millions more.

Your correspondent gives the impression of some unseemly haste to develop the Southwark Site. The preparation for the international development trawl was begun two years ago, long before talk of Dockland Corporations or GLC elections clouded the mind of your writer. Local government is usually castigated for its slowness but presumably our efficiency and speed isn't to your correspondent's liking either.

It was also misleading of the article to suggest that the developers had 'carte blanche' from the Council. They certainly had opportunities for a creative response but within parameters set by us.

The Lysander scheme will bring thousands of jobs to South London, provide millions in rate income for Southwark and the GLC and help rejuvenate a vital area of Docklands which has lain empty for years. Your article short changes our attempt to bring about this revival.

Town Hall, Peckham Road, London SE5

Spook Erection and gypsies

From Hughie Smith, President, National Gypsy Council

Having read Councillor L. H. Morris's letter (*NS* 9 January) on Leeds City Council's policy towards the eviction of gypsies, we feel that the following points must be raised:

1. Councillor Morris states that Leeds City Council have never employed a private company to evict gypsies. We know that before reorganisation, however, this is what they used to do. Recently, when their own 'Enforcement Technicians' have refused to do a job, they have contracted vehicles from an outside company to remove the gypsies.
2. He goes on to state that his Council does not evict indiscriminately — only when substantiated complaints have been received. Still, there have been five or six different gypsy site locations (for instance, Pontefract Lane, Hunslet and Belle Isle, all in Leeds) that were isolated and completely independent of any residential area. However, an excuse was still found to move the gypsies on.
3. When Councillor Morris says that the evictions are made only from Council-owned land, how does he account for the recent action taken against gypsies encamped on Old Lane, Beeston? This is privately owned land, for which the gypsies had permission to stay from the owners. Despite this, a summons under the Designation clause of the 1968 Caravan Sites Act, was issued. Pressure was placed on the owners to remove the gypsies and visits have been made by Council Officers to the site.
4. The advertisement for staff did appear in 1977 but the same people are still employed in the capacity of 'Enforcement Technicians'. We have received numerous complaints from the gypsies about the actions of these officials.
5. Councillor Morris claims that physical force has been used against his officials. This is not so; evictions must be supervised by the police, who are there to keep the peace. No charges have been brought by the police against any gypsy, either for the use of threatening behaviour or anything else, for that matter.

The National Gypsy Council believes in a policy of negotiation and discussion rather than conflict and eviction. Since the reorganisation in 1974, it has been impossible to discuss the problems associated with illegal encampments with officers from the Department of Environment Health who have adopted an extremely arrogant attitude.

We would be interested to know just how much money has been spent by Leeds City Council on the eviction of gypsies since 1974, including the cost of employing 'itinerant removal officers', banking up and fencing off land, the hiring of towing vehicles and police time.

Greengate Street, Oldham, Greater Manchester

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Andrew Clements on the new fluidity of boundaries between rock, jazz, ethnic and classical traditions

The changing shapes of music

THE MODEST entry on 'Pygmy music' typifies the virtues of *The New Grove*; it manages in the course of one and half columns and a single musical example to give a potted account of the pygmy lifestyle, to crystallise out the basic features of their music — 'an almost unique wordless yodelling, resulting in disjunct melodies, usually with descending contours; and a varied and densely textured multipart singing, as complex as any other indigenous African style' — and give a short bibliography directing any imagination whetted by the description to appropriate reference material.

The sheer bulk of *The New Grove* — 20 volumes each averaging 900 pages, the distilled wisdom of some 2,300 contributors — ensures its place as the foremost English-language music reference work. George Grove's first *Dictionary of Music and Musicians* was published in 1878 in four volumes, and subsequent editions up to Eric Blom's fifth, which came out in 1952, did no more than build and expand upon this originai skeleton. Little even of Blom's text (in nine volumes, with a later updating supplement) survives into Stanley Sadie's reworking — occasional entries, generally definitions of basic musical terms, have been retained, but the publishers claim *The New Grove* as 97 per cent original. The title seems entirely justified.

No other contemporary reference work, surely, so thoroughly documents and encapsulates an art form, nor allows such ready access to its material. The German rival to *New Grove — Die Musik in Geschichte und Gegenwerke,* which emerged in fascicles over 20 years up to 1969 — approaches its task with characteristic Teutonic thoroughness, but it is difficult to abstract facts from it quickly, and its work lists are infuriating to disentangle. *New Grove* is clear and very convenient to use; if its only virtues were the inclusion of accurate and complete catalogues for any composer one could hope to look up, and to provide a standard reference for spellings of controversial Russian names (it comes down on the side of Musorgsky, Skryabin, Rakhmaninov and Dyagilev), the publication would be more than justified.

BUT OF course the significance of such an enormous undertaking lies as much in what has been included as in how it is treated, and it could reshape our view of music in the last quarter of the century. The expansion into 20 volumes can partly be explained by the explosion of information, by the provision of far more comprehensive bibliographies, but more importantly the range of the entries has noticeably broadened. While 'art music' (definitions beyond mere period categorisations are at best tentative) remains the core of the book, there is now a healthy sprinkling of entries covering popular music and jazz, folk traditions and ethnomusicology. The detailed surveys of non-Western musics are perhaps the most striking innovation. While a few similarly sophisticated eastern styles have begun to follow Indian music into our concert halls, here the coverage is far more ambitious, far wider in its horizons. The entry on the music of India now runs to nearly 100 pages, minutely detailing tonal systems, performing practices, instruments, making clear the distinctions between Indian classical and folk music and illustrating the whole article with a generosity of music examples, minutely and scrupulously notated, that beggars imagination. Other cultures are similarly, though less extensively, treated; a balance is always preserved between pure description and more strictly technical exegesis.

This openmindedness is to a certain extent a reflection of public interest, a lowering of barriers to admit and incorporate exotic

influences. Popular music, also, has been welcomed aboard wholeheartedly, but here it seems the pressures for acceptance are more complex, and more closely related to the expansion of serious-music study backwards into the middle ages. In the social history of post-war music, one of the most significant trends has been the burgeoning interest in 'early music'. George Grove set the early limit on his dictionary at 1450, and it is coincidentally the 200-year period after that starting date that *New Grove* amplifies most extensively. The treatment of major figures from this period implies a radical reappraisal of historical priorities which I doubt has been reflected in any publication before, and which would come as a complete surprise to the average music-lover (and professional musician or academic also) who would previously have regarded early music as a collection of isolated figures, without detailed historical and stylistic contexts. *Grove* here lays down ground plans for future development, and exploration.

AND SO with the acceptance of early music, the barriers between 'serious' and 'popular' forms must have come to seem more contrived than ever, the division in early music rather being a secular/liturgical one. In his preface Sadie admits that the division between folk and art music in many of the geographical-area entries is simplistic and indistinct, and while in the Western tradition the distinction has by and large been preserved, certainly from the 17th century onwards, the boundaries are more blurred and the awareness of another, less intensive lineage is admitted as the proper study of the *New Grove*. The entries on popular music, from the music hall through the musical to post-war pop and rock, tread carefully and generally confine themselves to strict chronological surveys, rarely admitting detailed analysis. The history of popular music is dealt with in a single, large-scale article shared between Andrew Lamb (for the European history to 1939) and Charles Hamm. Mr Hamm touches on a multitude of artists and makes some attempt to tease out lines of development. Yet he steers clear of decisive value judgments and of any attempt to separate original, innovative singers and writers from marketing hype:

> Such groups as the Sex Pistols, with their loud and often extremely simple hard-rock sound, their stage conduct (vomiting, spitting, fighting and disrobing on stage), their texts with a range from obscene and blasphemous to inaudible, their peculiar attire and their anarchistic pose, were in many ways among the more traditional of the new rock groups, simply modernizing many important aspects of the rock scene. What was new about punk rock, however, was its inclusion of the rock 'establishment' among such traditional targets for scorn as governmental, religious and political and educational establishments and the police.

There seems to me to be a danger of taking everything in rock music at face value, of imbuing it with a historical significance simply on the basis of its novelty: the unaware reader might take the musical importance of the Sex Pistols to be paramount among New Wave groups simply because they have been singled out for discussion. Arguably it matters more in a publication like *New Grove*, because a high proportion of the readers likely to look up the 'Popular music' entry are looking for a way in, for basic background information; here if

The New Grove Dictionary of Music and Musicians edited by STANLEY SADIE 20 volumes *Macmillan* £850

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anywhere was a place for some ground rules of aesthetic judgment to be laid down and for musical guidance to be given.

ELSEWHERE, too, the neutral tone of the dictionary might irritate those who look to have their taste guided, to mingle facts with opinion. Gone are the prejudices of earlier editors: Eric Blom disliked Richard Strauss, Rakhaminov and Mahler, and allowed them only a bare minimum of space; this time no composer is confined by the personal likes and dislikes of Stanley Sadie. Occasionally there are entries which could have been more expansive, especially among contemporary figures whose relative importance may have appeared rather different when the dictionary was planned in the early 1970s. A natural bias towards British composers (far less than before, however) should not have given more space to an essentially insular figure like Edmund Rubbra than it does to Lutoslawski, whose significance has certainly increased in the last ten years. And a natural concern to ensure the best informed entry possible has led to the use of contributors whose critical impartiality may be doubted — Alberto Ginastera is most generously discussed; so is Sylvano Bussotti. Neither composer to me would merit the space they've been given; better that failing, though, than its converse.

It's also apparent that controversial figures have been avoided among the contributors, and that for all the learning represented in those listed, an element of the unexpected, of the original thinker, would have been welcome. The names of Charles Rosen and Hans Keller are conspicuous by their absence; both of them would have enhanced a number of the entries with a different perspective, a freshness of approach, as well as providing more characterful prose styles: overall there is a suspicion that many of the entries have been carefully processed in the editorial department, that personal stylistic traits have been expunged and the writing turned into something essentially factual and featureless. For ease of reference and for abstracting information quickly it doubtless helps, but there's equally no doubt that more character in the writing of the longer essays would have helped the reader to sustain interest and have leavened the mixture.

Enough of cavils. The *New Grove* contains an endless supply of fascinating articles, and more crucially is a quite invaluable source of reference material on contemporary and near contemporary figures, only a fraction of whom have been the subject of easily available studies. Almost all the detailed treatments of Luigi Nono, for instance, have been published in Italian or German; Xenakis is well represented in French, but only sporadically in English (reflecting the relative levels of his popularity); G.W. Hopkins's generous essay on Boulez is a cogent presentation of the characteristics of his style, though the same author's Stockhausen entry is less satisfying. If some of the material on young British composers is slightly disappointing, then it is because the length of the production process has dated these entries more than most; a pity though that some of the bibliographies could not have been brought up to date more fully. The valuable service that *New Grove* will perform for these composers is that it will lend them a respectability and acceptability in circles which would otherwise have dismissed them as ephemeral products of a lunatic avant-garde fringe; the potential of the Dictionary for missionary success — which exposure to the music itself could not hope to achieve — should not be underestimated.

IN ITS ability to tie connecting threads between music and other areas of current artistic theory, the set is less convincing. The entry on 'Structuralism and music' treads very warily around the subject, loath to commit itself; had the subject been seen as more central to the proper study of music I can't believe such vagueness would have been tolerated. 'Semiology' is hardly more enlightening, and in such areas it's tempting to see the dictionary as confirming the analytical *status quo* and fortifying the frontiers of the art against attacks from alien disciples. What makes this tolerable, however, is the sheer quality of many of the explanations of established critical concepts. Paul Griffiths's discussion of serialism, for instance, manages to elucidate many complicated modern usages in a way that will make the article quite invaluable for anyone trying to grasp basic syntactical terms in modern music.

Yet many will use *New Grove* for the simple expedient of tracing unfamiliar names; the wholehearted inclusion of jazz references broadens its appeal still further. Through its generosity of spirit towards all shades of musical style and performances it is an accurate reflection of the increased open-mindedness of the art itself. The entry on Francis Poulenc, contributed by Roger Nichols, is a model, and a marvellous example of how the best *Grove* entries can define a composer in a handful of pages and a minimum of musical quotations. One snatch of four and half bars is sufficient to demonstrate both Poulenc's characteristic harmony and his melodies, another passage declares his stylistic ancestry, while the text both illuminates and provides a context:

> For him the most important element of all was melody and he found his way to a vast treasury of undiscovered tunes, tunes within an area that had, according to the most up-to-date musical maps, been surveyed, worked and exhausted.

That's Poulenc exactly; a minor figure whose work needs sympathetic treatment of the kind that would cloy in a full-length study but is perfectly suited to a few pages. Major figures are unlikely to be so affected, other than by the provision of reference to the latest scholarship — the most spectacular being perhaps the revelation by David Brown that Tchaikovsky (one spelling for which *Grove* lacked the courage of its convictions) committed suicide from arsenical poisoning to avoid the disclosure of his affair with the nephew of a member of the Russian court. Elsewhere *New Grove* provides solid, utterly reliable texts on the major figures. It's the lesser figures, though, that make the set so invaluable. □

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Christopher Hitchens

Giving us back our history

ELAS: Greek Resistance Army by STEFANOS SARAFIS *Merlin Press* £12.50

In the last few years there have been a number of 'revisionist' attempts at restoring the history of the wartime resistance. Edward Thompson, Basil Davidson and Claude Bourdet are some of the most distinguished spokesmen in this cause, and a post-war generation brought up on Dunkirk and D-Day has now begun to learn about the partisans. To learn, I mean to say, about their achievement as soldiers rather than as brave men and women helping RAF escapers over the border.

In this history, there is probably no more moving and wrenching episode than that of ELAS, the National Liberation Army of Greece. It is a moving story because it describes how the Germans were driven from Greece almost without the aid of foreign troops. It is wrenching because it ended in a terrible political defeat, and in the re-emergence of an old Greece rather than the birth of a new one.

The Commander of ELAS was General Stefanos Sarafis; originally a patriot and a Republican who fell foul of native reactionary forces in the Thirties and was recognised for his full worth as a fighter only during the battle against the Axis. By this time he had evolved to the Left, and saw the need for a people's army which could promise the Greeks a better future as well as the riddance of Nazism. This created more than mild unease in the other resistance organisations, as well as among the British and American 'advisors'.

The British in particular, intending to hold on to their Middle East and Mediterranean Empire after the war, had no intention of allowing Communist guerrillas the succession. They therefore did not pursue the policy they followed in Yugoslavia (of backing the Left because it was the main resistance) and intrigued ceaselessly with the rightwing bands, with the monarchists and even with outright collaborators. Sarafis himself was not anxious to fight the British, and did not until General Scobie became a virtual commander of occupation. He never liked to under-estimate his enemy and, like Aeschylus with the Persians, recognised that smear tactics were bad ammunition as well as bad propaganda. Nevertheless, ELAS did engage the British when the time came and the Germans were gone. The British gave place to the Americans, Stalin made a deal behind the backs of the local Communists, the gallant Sarafis went off in chains to an island prison, and the Cold War had begun.

Sarafis's memoirs, here translated into English for the first time, are very much the work of 'the plain russet-coated captain who knows what he fights for and loves what he knows'. There is little embellishment, but much shrewdness. One needs frequent recourse to a map to follow the text, but a thorough one is provided.

In the nature of his narrative, political analysis takes a back seat (though naturally enough there are embedded political assumptions when he talks of organising a resistance army). We know that Sarafis disagreed with the sectarian and occasionally malevolent policy of the Moscow-oriented Communist leadership, especially as it was represented by the grim figure of Nicos Zachariadis. We know that he favoured a genuine united front policy, and that Stalinist strategy beyond his control actually drove elements of the population into the arms of the Right. The final pages of the book, where he describes how ELAS finally obeyed the order to lay down its arms, are therefore very affecting. One has the sense — rare in the literature of the Left — of a brave soldier who has done his very best and who cannot be faulted for his conduct in the field.

After his release from prison in the Fifties, Sarafis worked patiently to rebuild the Greek Left in politics, and became its most authentically popular figure. His death (he was run over by an American military vehicle) is still a subject of hot controversy. But even his enemies admit that his life was an exemplary one. His widow Marion has enriched and clarified the book with an excellent introduction and some very much needed footnotes. The effort should be rewarded with a large sale — books that give us back our history are rare enough these days. □

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White boys have thin lips

The World of Count Basie by STANLEY DANCE *Sidgwick & Jackson* £8.95

Straight Life by ART & LAURIE PEPPER *Collier Macmillan* £7.95

Not long before Buddy Tate went to work in Count Basie's orchestra, he played in a night club in Dallas called The Big House. It was decorated with bars to look like a prison and the band wore striped prison uniforms. In the 1960s another saxophonist, Art Pepper, helped life to imitate that bizarre kind of show business by spending four and a half years in San Quentin. That followed a decade during which most of his activities revolved around heroin, when as well as being a well-known musician he had gone in for burglary and armed robbery.

Extreme cases, perhaps. Yet day-time people have always been suspicious of jazz musicians, who begin their jobs just as respectable citizens are pulling down the blinds. Instead of commuting tidily, they often finish one gig only to clamber aboard a band bus, roaring through the night for anything up to 500 miles, sleeping where they sit, sometimes arriving just in time to go on-stage again. Basie and the veterans in his band have been doing that for almost half a century. Pepper lived that life in Stan Kenton's orchestra just after World War II (he first took heroin on one of those tours).

Otherwise these two books have little in common. Pepper's world is harsh, competitive, experienced through taut nerves. Basie's exudes geniality, just as his music does. Nostalgia can creep up on all of us, yet Basie's sidemen enthuse more glowingly than most about the old days. Jimmy Rushing, the singer with Basie's first band, even bewails the fact that latterday musicians will no longer rehearse for nothing, the way they did in Kansas City.

And it is Kansas City, wide-open, corrupt, yet for musicians a blessed plot, which provides a focus for Stanley Dance's book: not a biography, more — as he puts it — an oral history, based on the recollections of musicians.

Count Basie can be the despair of the interviewer, preferring to shrug his shoulders or pucker up his lips rather than launch into an anecdote. The portrait of him here is fleshed out almost entirely through the chatter of his ex-employees. Easy-going sums it up. Eddie Durham not only comments on the bad language within the band, especially compared with Jimmie Lunceford's ('they were nearly all college men'), but goes on to complain because Basie kept urging him to enjoy himself. Gene Ramey even alleges that Basie's popularity in Kansas City was based on his socialising:

They didn't dig Andy Kirk. They said he was too

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uppity. But Basie was down there, lying in the gutter, getting drunk with them. He'd have patches in his pants and everything. All of his band was like that.

But that was long ago. Another figure from the past, the enigmatic Lester Young, flits in and out of the reminiscences, memorialised not so much because he created a new way of playing the tenor saxophone, but for his personal quirks: the way he affected an effeminate stance; how he would rattle dice in a sleeper's ear, whispering 'Sweet music'; his habit of handing out nicknames (Basie was 'The Holy Main'; Snodgrass, the band's manager, was 'Lady Snar'; Dicky Wells got called 'Gas Belly' because of his stomach trouble).

As usual, bizarre trivia stick in the memory: Madame Chiang Kai-shek taking tap-dancing lessons from the trombonist in Buck Clayton's band in Shanghai; Gene Ramey's father driving a carriage inside which sat General Hamby ('one of the baddest men Texas ever had'), shooting birds off the telephone wires with two .45 revolvers; or, to return to music, Eddie Durham forming 'a smooth band' in 1940 and deliberately picking a white alto player: 'White boys have thin lips and get a very pretty sound on the saxophone.'

Art Pepper certainly got a pretty sound, although it changed as time went on. His father had been a sailor, an IWW 'wobbly' who helped Harry Bridges to organise the Californian longshoremen. But Pepper's mother tried to abort him and the boy went to live with his grandmother, very stolid, who kept her feelings tightly clenched. Freudians would say that set the pattern. Whatever the pretext, Pepper comes across as a loner, self-centred, yet needing women to cosset him; discovering a reassuring predictability about life in prison — and, later on, at Synanon, that anarchically authoritarian community at Santa Monica. Being a junkie, of course, was the ultimate way of side-stepping decisions. Life could be reduced to getting the bread, scoring, then fixing.

The musicians of Basie's generation mostly boozed or smoked pot for relaxation. Quite a few of Pepper's contemporaries were less convivial, solitaries who concentrated on being hip, existentialists with hypodermics. Admirers of his playing were regularly shocked by news of the saxophonist being jailed or compulsorily closeted in hospitals. But for the past few years his life seems to have been brought under control. In this book, written with his wife whom he met at Synanon, Pepper does not recant or indulge in pious homilies. He is frank, too, about his chauvinism, his resentment of black power in prisons — and within jazz (ironically, one of his earliest jobs was with Benny Carter's otherwise all-black orchestra, which he had to leave when they set off to tour the South). He comes across rather like Cagney playing a tough guy, proudest of never having squealed.

Last summer Pepper outshone everybody else in a concert at the Royal Festival Hall. Tiresomely romantic though it may seem, he has preserved his musical integrity, even grown in stature. Yet the real shock for the reader of this book who happens to be familiar with Pepper's music is discovering how closely the two halves of his life cohabited. Less than 24 hours after recording 'Las Cuevas de Mario' and five other equally luminous performances, on 25 October 1960, Pepper was vomiting on the floor of a cell, picked up once again for possessing heroin. Perhaps it needs a Dostoievsky to do the explaining. □

Ann Shearer

Disabling dis-eases

The Art of Starvation by SHEILA MACLEOD *Virago* £5.95 & £2.95
You Should See Me in Pyjamas by ROBERT GIDDINGS *Hamish Hamilton* £8.95

Each time will throw up its own dis-ease, and anorexia nervosa is one for our own. One in 200 adolescent girls is at this moment starving herself, and in universities and private girls' schools proportionately more. Feminists may see in the statistics a powerful indictment of a society that uses every trick of mass communication to tell women that their bodies are objects to be squeezed into the contours that fashion dictates; they may see anorexia as a lesson too well learnt, its sufferers persuaded that their worth depends on their shape.

But for Sheila MacLeod, this interpretation is too simple, and she should know, for all she had no name to put to her adolescent obsession until well into her adulthood. Her meticulous testing of personal experience against the theories is more than an exercise in retrospective understanding. It's a building of the meaning of her self which is as absorbing as it's self-absorbed, a metaphor for any struggle to wrest individual identity out of collective expectations.

The last thing on her mind in those adolescent years was meeting the masculine world's demands; losing weight was the by-product of a more desperate task. The theories that define anorexia as distorted perception — of body, of the pangs of hunger, of the possibility of becoming agent rather than victim — make some sense to her. She recognises in herself the working out of the theoretical flight from sexuality. But for her, anorexia is more than the sum of these negatives, more precious than the theorists would have it. It is fundamentally something positive, a last bid for autonomy in a world that denies it.

Her family spat her out when she, the clever one among her more attractive sisters, got the scholarship to the girls' boarding school. The school fattened her up, cramming her with knowledge, turning her into university fodder. The future seemed clear — except that it wasn't hers. The only way she could assert her self was to hew it out of her body, like a statue from an amorphous block of stone. People worried — though hardly overmuch — that she was losing weight. She, like others with anorexia, insisted that she was fine. And so, in an important sense, she was.

That is the essential paradox of the condition. The scales told her that she was winning; but the underlying message of weightlessness and emptiness was that she was worthless, nobody. She confirmed her moral superiority when she cooked elaborate meals for the family and refused to share them; but underneath, she was starving. Her obsessional tidying brought control of her surroundings; but she knew that order would dissolve into chaos if she let up for a moment. She was hyperactive; she was exhausted. And it didn't escape her either that the only way she could live was by taking the road to death.

For her, the solution, the healing of the split between body and self, started with the first intimation that, for all her prized and superior intellect, her perception was out of true with reality. Her mother offered the hint of relationship; she found that she could eat when away from both home and school; remission was on the way. But not cure: twice in her adult life her always eccentric eating habits became anorexic, both times when her own identity was swallowed in other people's. Anorexia, she reckons, leaves people not 'normal' — just normal enough.

There are implications for treatment here. The behaviourists use reward and deprivation to get food down; this becomes an appalling violence to the struggling self, a force-feeding that can bring no nourishment at all. The therapists who see anorexia as the outcome of particular family politics have their point; but for all Sheila MacLeod recognises her own

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family in their characterisations, she finds that they fail to recognise the intensity of the individual struggle. The feminist interpretation is helpful as far as it goes; but the political perspective of the self-help group may be too weighty for the struggling self to bear.

As common cultural expectations and even educational opportunities cover more young women, and the messages about their expected destiny get no clearer, this plea for space and respect for the individual is urgent. But it's not just a plea on behalf of anorexic women. The condition is also increasing among young men; behaviourists and family therapists are tackling dis-eases other than this; we are all trying to find an individual way among political interpretations of our condition. For Sheila MacLeod, the final question has all the complexity of simplicity: can people who have anorexia be persuaded that what matters is not to be perfect, but to be human? It's one we could all ask of ourselves.

Robert Giddings knew by the time he was 16 that physical perfection, even 'normality', was not his question. Five years after he'd had polio, that disease of his own childhood times, he realised that he'd never walk again. He reached a high level of education and became a teacher, critic and journalist, and the way this rambling account tells it, there's been little remarkable in it at all.

But he is ambitious for his anecdotage. He wants nothing less than a revolution of perception, a stripping away of the film of custom and association that tells us a man is different because he gets around in a wheelchair. His task, too, has been to establish his identity against the collective assumption of helplessness; while on the surface he has accepted his 'differentness', deep down he has never seen himself as other than the 'normal' being he once was.

Yet it's hard to see how this story would have got between hard covers at all if 'difference' weren't, in fact, one essential part of the man. There's the paradox — not just for him but for anyone with a visible disability who wants to assert what makes them 'the same' as anyone else in their search for a life of 'normal' opportunity.

Little here, though, to help our understanding of it. It's not by stringing together the 'normal' anecdotes of an active life that it will be resolved. Maybe introspection isn't this author's gift. Maybe it's none of our business to wonder how he has felt through all those 'different' years of adolescence in hospital, of dependence on the family, of constraints that those with the use of their legs simply don't know. But if it isn't, why the book? □

FICTION

Brian Martin

Nerve-racked

Strangers by ANTONIA WHITE *Virago* £2.50
The Shutter of Snow by EMILY HOLMES COLEMAN Virago £2.50
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The Man on the Bridge by STEPHEN BENATAR *Harvester* £7.50
Lanark by ALASDAIR GRAY *Canongate* £7.95

A letter of Antonia White's written in 1941 records, 'I've seen my old cell with a case of shells in it and a radiator which we lunatics would have greatly appreciated.' This visit was the inspiration for her previously uncollected short story 'Surprise Visit'. Julia Tye, a former inmate of the Hospital of Bethlehem, a lunatic asylum on London's south bank, returns to it after it had become, in the Thirties, the Imperial War Museum. She intends 'to study the place dispassionately', finds herself 'alone safely hidden behind a captured Howitzer', and is overtaken by her earlier experiences in the institution. Haunted by the ghosts of her cell-mates, she sees the uniformed museum-keeper become the warder called 'from the men's side to help overpower Old Nick'.

The distillation of her experiences in the Bethlem asylum and in states of 'mental smash' or 'neurasthenia' makes her best and most moving stories in this re-issue of *Strangers.* 'The House of Clouds' opens startlingly enough: 'The night before, Helen had tried to drown herself. She did not know why, for she had been perfectly happy.' Then follows Helen's committal to an asylum where her gentle nature responds to others' predicaments. In the exercise yard she pities a young country girl and comforts her: '"I love you," murmured Helen hardly knowing what she said.' Giggling nurses separate them and Antonia White notes 'the lack of love and dominance of mockery' from the staff.

Emily Holmes Coleman shared much with Antonia White: the same year of birth, Roman Catholicism, and a term in Bedlam. A poet rather than a novelist, she wrote a beautifully observed, poignant account of her suffering and rehabilitation, *The Shutter of Snow,* also re-issued. The heroine, Marthe, is sadly afflicted: she believes she is Christ, rejecting both her husband and baby. Slowly she claws her way back to sanity. There is a poet's lyrical intensity about the story-telling. Recovering, she changes ward and goes upstairs: 'She went up, each step on the feet of a newly born moth.' There is much touching insight and close study of inmates and nurses. As in Antonia White's writing, an unsympathetic distance is detected between patients and personnel: 'The nurses stood in the corner by the sideboard and talked among themselves. What is it to them or God above that we eat and sleep and dream?' The sane appear to be more often than not the inhumane: the mad live in a world of pathos and compassion.

The hero of *Odd's End,* Malcolm Close, is the sort of person who should be consulted by the Cambridge English Faculty: 'He took a cold shower and threw himself once more at the teeth of "Structuralist Presumptions in Contemporary Literary Investigation".' The anti-hero is a psychopath and a substantial part of this original, unorthodox thriller is comprised of his self-confessions. 'Mr X, you devil!' is all he reveals of his own identity. He takes a fancy to Odd's End, a house on the Nova Scotia sea-shore and seeks to gain sole occupancy by psychological warfare of a most subtle kind against Mary and Malcolm Close ('You a painter, me a university professor — every day is a holiday'); it involves murder. Mr X states that 'much of my campaign will operate on a subconscious level'. His aim is for the Closes' marriage to disintegrate and he conspires to make them suspect not only each other, but also the house itself. This first novel is clever, witty, subtle, remorselessly and logically worked out, and at the required moments successfully chills the spine.

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The Man on the Bridge is another first novel but a very different affair. Away from the world of madmen, it traces with great understanding and depth of feeling the homosexual relationship between a 39-year-old artist, Oliver Cambourne, and 19-year-old John Wilmot who tells the story. Their love is impinged on by two women, old Mrs Cambourne ever concerned for Oliver's welfare and young Elizabeth Sheldon who falls for John. There is more than a little of the Earl of Rochester in this John Wilmot. The scenario, London and a country house, is that of John Fuller's clever, contemporary, neo-classical satire *The Illusionists.* The naive Wilmot is snared in Cambourne's embankment flat and persuaded to take off all his clothes — a modelling audition, he is led to believe. He faces the stripper's problem with admirable resolve; as he prepares to ditch his Y-fronts, 'I aimed for both dignity and nonchalance'. Enter the butler, who later exhibits characteristics reminiscent of Rebecca's Mrs Danvers. John Wilmot's failing is that his youthful naiveté does not square with his sophisticated conversation — a blemish in his characterisation.

Occasionally the fantasy of adolescent dreams takes over: John is given an XK 150 by Oliver as a Christmas present. But a much more cruel world of disappointment and regret dominates. In the end the book's weaknesses prove trivial by comparison with its total impact. If Benatar can find other themes to preoccupy him, he will mature into an accomplished novelist.

Lanark was ten years in the making. If this is to be the pattern, we cannot expect many more novels from Alasdair Gray; and for this mercy the typographers will be thankful. He is as spare as Larkin. Yet the book is monumental, tracing the life (and after-life) of Lanark in four books. Everything, footnotes, glossary, is subsumed in the text, and the sequence of the books is intentionally out of order. Part science-fiction, part fantasy, the manner of the story-telling must owe a debt to the more economical Kurt Vonnegut, and in a way, too, Gray tries to do for Glasgow what Joyce did for Dublin. The dreary Glasgow motorway to Cumbernauld certainly needed something to redeem it: now it has a literary memorial. *Lanark* is about civilisation collapsing; it is mystifying, at times confusing, and yet compelling. □

Judith Cooke

Short and wide

The Short Story in English by WALTER ALLEN
Oxford £9.50

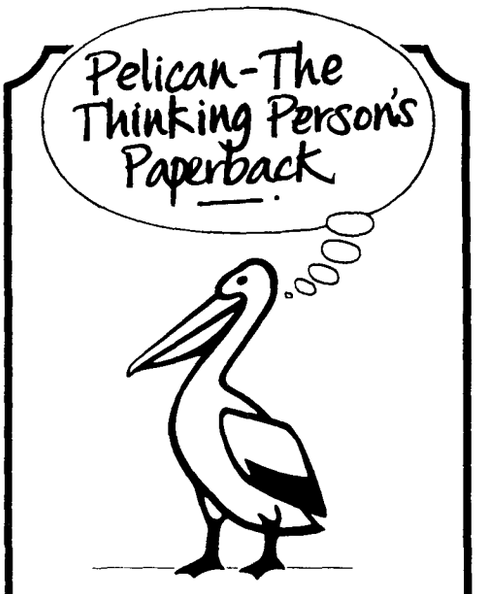
Walter Allen's commentary upon the form and development of the short story is a good three books rolled into one, and immensely readable. As a critical definition of narrative modes which are generically English, as opposed to European, it is eloquently argued. As a dictionary it is wide-ranging and well organised, dealing with 83 authors and a vast number of individual stories. It focuses upon the themes which have dominated fiction over the last hundred years, draws parallels between English, American and colonial writers and highlights their common humanity, as well as their diversity of experience and style. Thus the text moves easily from tales of the American West (Bret Harte, Bierce, Hamlin Garland) to Henry Lawson's stories of the Australian working scene and Lawrence's evocation of the Nottingham mining community. The best short stories capture those fragmentary insights by which men make sense of their bewildering world; Walter Allen celebrates that quality and sets it against the backdrop of our century.

The introductory chapter traces a family resemblance between the joke and the modern short story, the former being concerned with surprise, the latter so often depending for its effect upon a sense of discovery, a Joycean epiphany. The author is inclined to agree with Poe that the strength of the genre lies in the fact that it can be read at one sitting, when the reader is open to a totality of expression and the impact can be dramatically and emotionally overwhelming. *(The Fall of the House of Usher* is a case in point.)

He offers us two major distinguishing characteristics of English storytelling: a lyric intensity, as in Joyce's *The Dead,* Alun Lewis's *The Wanderers* and Elizabeth Bowen's *Mysterious Kor,* and that accuracy of observation which happily marries the talents of the good journalist to those of the imaginative writer. Stephen Crane, Doris Lessing and John Cheever are worlds apart in many ways but the energy in their respective stories *The Open Boat, A Home for the Highland Cattle* and *The Enormous Radio* flows, in each case, from the absolute credibility of the context. Walter Allen stresses the salutary, continuing influence of Flaubert and his doctrine of precision and objectivity in writing. He suggests that 19th-century naturalism merges with the techniques of 20th-century journalism, and he points out that 'urban working class life suddenly existed in its own right as it did not, for instance, even in Dickens novels'.

Walter Allen's personal judgments come through loud and clear, as they did in *Tradition and Dream.* He gives pride of place to Kipling: 'the most complex stories in English . . . the most challenging and disturbing.' He is interesting on V.S. Pritchett and puritanism: 'obsession, eccentricity, the passion to conform or dissent are now fundamental to all Pritchett's characters.' And, surprisingly, of Katherine Mansfield: 'we can only decide that *Bliss* is a profoundly unsatisfactory story.' There are some, few, openings for a niggle. Among contemporary writers, the Irish seem to get more than their fair share of attention; the comparatively unknown Brian Friel and John Montague are included, whereas wild Ian McEwan and that sparkling New Yorker Grace Paley are nowhere to be found. And what about A.L. Barker? And Francis King? And if H.G. Wells, why not Ray Bradbury?

And why, indeed, pretend to real complaint? This book is one of those rare delights, a work of scholarship which will become invaluable on the reference shelves and a lively personal account of an enthusiasm. Walter Allen has written novels, and written about novels; broadcasting and journalism have been part of his life; he was for a time literary editor of the *New Statesman.* As Professor Allen he established the English department at the New University of Ulster and has taught and travelled widely in the United States. The two halves of his career come together triumphantly in this publication, a fitting achievement to mark his 70th year. □



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J.M.P. Hodgson criticises the series as a 'tissue of mythological images' and scriptwriter **Phil Redmond** defends it.

Grange Hill: fact or fiction?

'GRANGE HILL', the BBC's children's serial about a comprehensive school, is seen by its makers as an attempt to present contemporary state education on the screen in a realistic manner. 'My ideology,' says Phil Redmond, the supervising writer, 'is to make [*Grange Hill*] as realistic as possible,' and Anna Home, the producer, feels that the series is 'based in reality'. Certainly, the programme has obvious contemporary elements. The very presentation on the screen of a comprehensive school, containing a mixture of children, boys and girls, racially and socially differentiated, seems excitingly up-to-date; and the range of staff portrayed (old and crusty, young and idealistic) seems to complete the illusion, particularly when we hear of their working to rule and in other ways (such as their incompetence) realising our concepts of the contemporary teacher. But it is precisely in this realisation of our preconceived concepts that the apparent realism of *Grange Hill* lies. The series confirms that one function of the media is to reflect, create and reinforce conventional viewpoints and value-systems.

Take the main male character, Tucker Jenkins, the naughty but nice hero of many an escapade: in the name as well as the behaviour is the (socially demoted) shadow of Anthony Buckeridge's Jennings, and of Frank Richards's Billy Bunter. Many of the episodes so far shown portray Jenkins getting into scrapes of various kinds; in the plotting, too, we see the influence of the scriptwriters' childhood reading. The existence of these literary antecedents highlights the problematic nature of the relationship between the reality of school and its fictional presentation. It raises the suspicion that what we see on the screen has its basis as much in contemporary mythology as in reality.

A rich mythology, in the Barthean sense, has become attached, in contemporary British society, to the term 'comprehensive school'. The term is associated, particularly, perhaps, in middle-class consciousness, with suspect academic 'standards', rude and rowdy children, mediocre but unionised teachers, and a general degradation of the quality of education. The influence of the media (particularly the Press) in presenting this negative picture has been pervasive (it is illuminated in the Corner House Bookshop's *Lunatic Ideas)* and it is clear that this image can only further impede Britain's already stumbling progress towards a more egalitarian society.

Grange Hill presents, dramatically, a contemporary mythology of the comprehensive school. The most prominent pupils appear unmotivated, apathetic and resentful. They lack any depth of curiosity, manners, or grace: when she meets a new Asian girl who cannot speak English, Trisha Yates attempts to teach her to say 'Shut yer mouth' (Series III, Episode 7; interestingly enough this is an interjection by the producers — the line does not appear in the original script). The teachers are incompetent: an English teacher asks a dyslexic boy to read aloud; the games mistress shouts at the uncomprehending new Asian girl because she has no kit. Discipline is so poor that the Headmaster has to shout to obtain quiet for a visiting speaker, who is then heckled. Standards academic and behavioural are questioned (in separate episodes) by an Asian girl's father and an English girl's mother, and there is little in the presentation (save the school play) to refute their views. Pupils are sometimes shown as being positively involved in a school activity, but never in a lesson.

IT IS HARDLY surprising to hear that none of the three main scriptwriters for the programme would send their own children to Grange Hill. Their belief in the reality of their own fiction is evidence enough of the power of mythology. Clearly they have acted as the medium through which their (and their audience's) preconceptions have been given a living habitation and a name, and their own rejection of the image they have created is mirrored by their adult audience: the BBC has received hundreds of letters critical of the image of school and schoolchildren presented in *Grange Hill.*

Thus we have, in the *Grange Hill* phenomenon, an extraordinarily clear example of one way in which the media work in society. Society creates, largely through its mass media (especially the press), a stereotypical image of its state schools. This image is ingested not only by the media audience but by the media practitioners themselves, who then create a fictional televised school whose standards and mores they reject. Their adult audience share this rejection, as they share the mythological stereotypes.

The 'realism' of *Grange Hill* can be seen, then, as a tissue of mythological images. But it can also be seen to reflect contemporary British society on a level below that of the mythological: the ideological. On this view, the action of *Grange Hill,* far from being merely a mirror of school-day actuality, is a dramatic realisation of a value-system embedded in society at large. Phil Redmond claims as much: 'What *Grange Hill*'s about,' he has said, 'is what our society's about.' The concept of school as a microcosm of society is a commonplace; but what Redmond is recognising is that *Grange Hill* reflects an ideological position on social relations generally.

Series 2, Episode 11 of *Grange Hill* is concerned with the attempts of an unofficial protest body, the Students' Action Group, to disrupt a school cricket match in an attempt to achieve the abolition of school uniform. One of the people who crosses their picket line is Penny Lewis, the first-year School Council representative, who tells them that the Council is 'the proper way to get things done'; and the value of school spirit is demonstrated at the end of the episode, when Justin, the timid, well spoken boy, gains credit both for the school and himself with a splendid batting display.

The episode thus presents a common-sense ideological message suited to our times. At moments, however, this dominant viewpoint receives implicit contradiction. When Baxter, the sports master, lectures the first-year class on the damage done to one's own self-interest by action disruptive of the institution, a boy comments, 'You never said that when the teachers boycotted after-school activities.' The speaker here is Michael Doyle, the school's most consistently evil figure; but we are reminded that the teachers seemed unable to obtain their ends by proper approaches to the required authority.

Moreover, the School Council itself does not appear, on close examination, as an organ of government by the people for the people. The meeting we are shown presents the reality of power in ways both verbal and non-verbal. The Headmaster sits, his secretary at his side, facing a U-arrangement of staff and pupils; he appears to be both chairman and final arbiter, and the pupils, squashed together around the tables, seem fawning and complaisant. Several shots of the Head have Baxter's burly head and shoulders in the foreground — and it is Baxter who, in the following episode, helps break up the students' sit-in. Decision-making and authority in Grange Hill can be located in the Head and Baxter rather than in the School Council; thus, in so far as the episodes seem to be endorsing the efficacy of 'teamwork' in effecting social change, their message can be seen as self-contradictory. It is when it reveals such contradictions that the programme becomes, in a productive sense, realistic.

ACKNOWLEDGMENT is due to Bruce Horsfield, whose research at Exeter University into children's television has assisted me in writing this article.

J.M.P. Hodgson

IT IS CURIOUS that while reading J.M.P. Hodgson's article about Grange Hill *reinforcing traditional mythology and ideology, I find my own view, probably equally based in myth, of socio-academics per se reinforced. Naturally it is flattering to have your work taken so seriously but Hodgson's perspective is, quite frankly, irrelevant because it is based in that same élitist ideology apparently scorned in the article.*

The assumption that 'in the plotting, too, we see the influence of the scriptwriters' childhood reading' tends to give the game away. It is an assumption based on any idealistic image of 'the writer' as a tireless reader with an unquenchable appetite for literature. In fact, by the standards of our élitist literary establishment I am probably classed as illiterate — which is why I feel most comfortable writing for the spoken word. My own childhood was similar to that of the 'unmotivated, apathetic and resentful' characters Hodgson seems to find illustrating Grange Hill. *I never read Jennings or Billy Bunter — although I do confess to a hazy memory of Bunter on TV. In fact I wasn't even aware of Jennings until the media microscope was turned on Grange Hill and the hunt for comparisons got under way.*

If we look at Hodgson's paper the overall impression gained is of someone who knows the theory but not the practice. Like a spectator on the terraces at a football game, he may know all the rules but he is unaware of the tactics or strategy so his reading of the game's progress is impaired. Grange Hill is realistic. Of course it isn't typical — what school is? — but many comprehensives are like Grange Hill, warts and all.

IF WE NOW turn to the astonishing assertion that 'it is hardly surprising to hear that none of the three main scriptwriters for the programme would send their own children to Grange Hill',

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Hodgson's whole premise about the 'power of mythology' is destroyed when we realise that the assertion is simply not true. In fact, none of the writers has ever made his statement. So, again we find Hodgson forming an argument based upon second-hand and apparently unreliable source material.

Hodgson then goes on to say that this 'rejection of the image they have created is mirrored by their adult audience'. Again, this isn't true, as we can see quite clearly, because this assertion is based upon the idea that 'the BBC have received hundreds of letters critical of the image of school and schoolchildren'. First, I would dispute that the BBC have received hundreds of letters — I would say it is more likely to be

Grange Hill Magazine

Tucker Jenkins under attack

thousands — although when compared to our regular 2.5 million adult viewers, *and if we assume they wouldn't continue to watch something they totally disagreed with, these 'critical comments' diminish to their rightful position as the views of a* small minority, *albeit a forceful and articulate minority. Second, we have to consider the social content and context of these complaints. Hodgson himself makes the point — the 'criticism tends not to be of any unreality but rather its undesirability'.*

Many of the complaints against the series are either prefaced or post-scripted by a sense of outrage that it should be the BBC, for so long the bastion of safe, if not staid children's programmes, which transmits it. Grange Hill *came as a shock to many adults though it seems to have won almost universal praise, acceptance and support from children — its intended audience.*

It is of course a more serious problem than that and one that has its origins in the traditional British disease of class culture and conflict. Indeed, it is an interesting sociological point that most complaints come from the traditionally middle-class home counties — and on headed notepaper. The more vehement the attack the more elaborate and expensive the notepaper — a predilection for which the working class is not exactly known.

If we take a closer look, these complaints narrow down to 'bad language' and 'bad behaviour'. As the strongest expletive used is 'flippin' 'eck!' the complaints are referring not to profanity, but to accent and dialect. A magistrate wrote:

> *I was appalled at the bad grammar and language used continually by virtually all the children . . . I would be the first to agree that this is a realistic representation of the attitudes, grammar and language of many of our youngsters today, but this is a deplorable lack of responsibility to portray this behaviour as drama.*

A lady wrote: 'It's difficult enough to teach the children to speak the Queen's English these days, but then you have to put on a programme like this.' Yet another protested: 'the children speak so badly, it is an awfully bad example to our children. Is it necessary for them to speak like that?' And how are the actresses and actors speaking? Like themselves, of course!

FINALLY, one of the greatest disappointments I have experienced as a writer wanting to portray 'slices of reality' — in so far as it is possible within the parameters of television production — is the depressing discovery that life is, after all, full of stereotypes and caricatures. It is true that individuals have their own idiosyncrasies but the face they put on to confront the world is taken off the ready-to-wear peg. Television series, unlike novels, seldom have the time or scope to peel away the veneers, and when they do they often turn into soap operas. In this sense soap opera should *be the highest form of drama — allowing a slow discovery and exposition of character over a number of years — but the production line doesn't work like that.*

Ironically, in Episode 11, Series 2 of Grange Hill *— the one quoted at length — I think we actually achieved the aim. We showed the stereotype situation and the characters' inconsistencies — yet Hodgson interprets it as a momentary lapse rather than an intentional exercise.*

My own view is that the 'unreality of Grange Hill' *is experienced mainly by the proponents of our middle-class élitist-culture, whose value system pervades and dominates our entire society and which, I believe, is reflected in Hodgson's paper. Their terms of reference for what is and what isn't real are a direct result of their own life experience. They seem always to be searching for a reality that doesn't exist. Yet for its intended audience, the people who are actually going through our educational system, the reality of* Grange Hill *is beyond doubt, and I personally put more faith in their opinions of the series — all eight million of them.*

Phil Redmond

Among this week's contributors:

ANN SHEARER is the author of *Disability: Whose Handicap?* to be published by Blackwell in June.

BRIAN MARTIN is a Lecturer in Modern English at Pembroke College, Oxford, and author of *John Keble: Priest, Professor and Poet.*

JUDITH COOKE teaches in the extra-mural department of London University. She is the author of a number of short stories and the novel *New Road.*

THEATRE

Benedict Nightingale

In the snakepit

Waiting for Godot by SAMUEL BECKETT *Old Vic*
A Month in the Country by TURGENEV *Olivier*

Roughly one-quarter of the dialogue of *Waiting for Godot* consists of questions, few of which get satisfactory answers, and Samuel Beckett himself has said that it is 'striving all the time to avoid definition': so there's a certain perversity in casting blacks as the two tramps, as the Baxter Theatre of Capetown has done, and placing them very deliberately and specifically in a bleak and arid South Africa. To define the play as an allegory about apartheid is to limit it, and to limit is, of course, to distort. The point about the derelict Vladimir and Estragon is that they are you, I, anyone seeking purpose and significance in a world which, as Beckett glumly insists, offers nothing more than the certainty of death. To suggest that 'Godot' is God plus Charlot, the French name for Chaplin, the very comedian the actors are enjoined to bear in mind as they scurry and totter around the stage, and to conclude from this that the tramps are endlessly awaiting a sardonically conceived and probably non-existent deity — even that would be to go further than the evidence actually permits. Godot is whatever tantalises with illusory hopes and promises, whatever promises without delivering, whatever inveigles us into postponing despair one more day.

YET, HAVEN'T I just described the Godot that has set up more or less permanent residence in the consciousness of South African blacks? Perhaps there's a case, just sometimes, for concentrating rather than scattering the resonance of well-known plays: *Macbeth* in Nazi Germany, *Antigone* in occupied Czechoslovakia, *Godot* in Dr Botha's snakepit. So relatively innocent a line as 'you'd make me laugh if it wasn't prohibited' suddenly has a new edge to it. Vladimir's cautious acknowledgment of the name 'Mr Albert' — to Beckett, another giddying example of the world's contradictions and confusions — becomes a muted reminder of the double-lives forced on blacks by oppressive pass-laws. But the most obviously telling parallel is, of course, the appearance of a beaming pink Pozzo, an Afrikaner farmer with whip and roped lackey, to talk of 'my land', 'my manor', 'my slaves', and to distribute chewed chicken-bones to the deferential tramps. Even his eyeless, despairing re-entry in the second act — for Beckett, evidence of the vanity of power, wealth, status — has some political frisson. Impotent, helpless, he still orders and is obeyed. Could the great South African majority be in thrall to what the Chinese quaintly call paper tigers?

Edward Bond was recently denouncing Beckett for an enervating, paralysing fatalism. Here is his answer, as well as an answer for me, with my overweening respect for authors' intentions, my protective pedantry. A walking stick, while remaining a walking stick, can contain a sword; a crutch, while still being a crutch, can be used to swipe passing heads. A cry of galactic despair, heard from a certain angle, can become, if not quite a call to arms, at least a

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series of pertinent questions, perhaps even a display of rebellious solidarity. John Kani, a nervy, querulous Vladimir, and Winston Ntshona, an Estragon with a pained, puzzled scowl decking his jowls, don't bring a lot of finesse to their performances. But they have been acting together since their schooldays, they have brought their joint talents to several of Athol Fugard's better plays, they both still live in Port Elizabeth; and the shared experience shows. Beckett once said that Vladimir and Estragon were irresistible force and immovable object, yet symbiotic, 'interdependent'. Kani and Ntshona have that energy, that responsiveness to each other: a camaraderie of suffering and resilience which, if you think about it, has its own political meaning, too.

ONE OF the weirdest, most riveting noises I've heard is a recording of Sarah Bernhardt fluting, ululating, chanting her way through Racine's most celebrated speech; and there were times at the National when I wondered if Francesca Annis, playing what might be Phèdre's second cousin, six times removed, wasn't offering a pasteboard imitation of just that performance. At times she is strong, very strong. In fact, the less she embroiders, verbally or physically, the stronger she is. Her Natalia exudes a serene, silky power simply by standing or sitting. Her dominance of Ratikin, the dandified lover who dances platonic attendance on her, is absolutely plausible, even though he's played by Nigel Terry, a more volcanic actor than one would expect in the part. So is the assurance and efficiency with which she manipulates and destroys her ward Vera, who is in love with her own pet obsession, the tutor Belyaev. As she hovers mesmerically over the girl, glinting, insinuating, lulling, browbeating, enchanting, you're inevitably put in mind of a reptile preparing to swallow something small, warm-blooded and helpless. But how can this rather awesome authenticity be reconciled with her fake-Bernhardtism, the melodic throb that vacuously decorates such lines as 'I'm in love for the first time in my life'?

Well, perhaps she and her director, Peter Gill, are telling us that her love is a bit vacuous and decorative. Perhaps they want us to wonder if Natalia's deepest, most sensual passion isn't the desire to control others. Perhaps they're implying that her emotional world is less that of Racine, with his relatively straightforward tussles between love and reason, than a blend of those of Strindberg and Chekhov. Many have been impressed that Turgenev should concoct so rich a character as Natalia a full half-century before *The Three Sisters*; but they must also admit that he is far less aware than Chekhov of a link between environment and feeling, social purposelessness and personal ennui. This, plus a certain Strindbergian aggro, is what Annis and Gill seek to provide; and they do so lucidly, fluently, and without obvious affront to Isaiah Berlin's crisp, unpretentious translation of Turgenev's original.

Here's a young wife of evident intelligence doomed to fester in the country, not for a month, but for years and years. No wonder she unconsciously seeks distractions, and no wonder those distractions become obsessive, dangerous, destructive. The spoiled, thwarted lady-of-the-manor becomes, with awful logic, an emotional predator, hating herself for what she cannot help being. It makes for an intriguing, absorbing evening. □

TELEVISION

Julian Barnes

Kamikaze lovers

THAT OLD reliable, Catholics and birth control, came round again in *Credo* (LWT), regular as a menstrual cycle; though this time there was a twist in the tail of the sperm. At the moment, we were reminded, all God's chillun got rhythm: permissible tactics include playing Vatican roulette with the calendar (unreliable), charting your temperature pattern (unreliable) or testing your own cervical mucus (unreliable). But soon, we learned, science will be offering smarter stratagems: the home fertility testing kit (pee into a jar and bung in litmus paper); the chronobra, a reinforced undergarment with a pocket calculator inserted where the cups meet; and the 'intelligent thermometer', whose bedside console literally gives you the green light during a safeish period (I foresee a new line in jokes about 'plugging the wife into the mains').

The 'you' in all the above, of course, is female: the male Church insists that women take responsibility for the methods, even as they will bear the consequences of failure. Mostly, though, the vision thus afforded of the Catholic future — lumpy ladies monitoring their breast temperatures, peeing into jars and waiting for the traffic lights to change — was comic to outsiders: the stuff, no doubt, of a future David Lodge novel. What was rather less comic was a casual footnote supplied by one of the utero-boffins interviewed. There seems to be evidence that where a woman relying on the rhythm method unwillingly gets pregnant, the baby is slightly more likely to be abnormal. This is because fertilisation may have taken place towards the end of ovulation, when the egg is quite old. So Humanae Vitae is ensuring not just more unwanted children, but more abnormal ones as well. Nice one, Pope.

David Lodge's name also floated into the mind at the start of Jack Pizzey's *Man Alive* programme on air safety (BBC-2). It was, I think, the hero of *Changing Places* who fearfully confessed that 'If God had intended me to fly, he'd have given me guts'. All those with a normal, healthy attitude to flying — that's to say, all those who are normally and healthily shit-scared from damp-palmed check-in to gleeful romp through the Green Channel — would have found this film confirming what they always suspected: that planes are theoretically quite safe but actually very dangerous. Instinctive terror, as usual, is entirely justified.

The fuel, for a start, is highly volatile; the lapstraps are much weaker than car seatbelts; the instruction cards are misleading; while the luggage racks are liable to collapse on top of you and block the emergency exits. As for the seat you sweat into, this tends, when set alight, to give off toxic fumes of cyanide gas: fly Pan Am to San Quentin — quicker than you thought. Oh, and those two bottles of duty-free that everyone has clanking by their feet: add them all up, and you've got 700 Molotov cocktails. Planes, the programme concluded, are nowadays much better at not crashing; but they are still just as good, when they do go wrong, at trapping you inside and burning you to death. The only tangible consolation Pizzey's film offered was that at least, while you were watching it, you couldn't at the same time be lurching about the sky with a crack-voiced pilot lying to you.

'A social chemisty terrible and marvellous' was how Nadine Gordimer described South African society in one of the best and grimmest *Writers and Places* (BBC-2) so far. One of this chemistry's earlier test-tube explosions came to us as *The Jail Diary of Albie Sachs* (BBC-2), dramatised by David Edgar. Peter McEnery played the left-wing Jewish lawyer arrested in 1963 under the 90-day act, who finally served nearly six months in solitary before being released. Two years later he was rearrested and broken in 24 hours by sleep deprivation. While inevitably unilinear and documentary, the play resourcefully conveyed the vacuum of solitary confinement — where cleaning your comb becomes an event — and the dangerous yearning for company (the brilliant Stratford Johns embodied this as a Bible-wielding jailor). Edgar also brought out the comparative innocence of Sachs's protest, and the way he constantly compared himself with worthier predecessors: 'And sometimes, on the good days, I do wonder if I'm suffering enough . . . Where can I find my hatred and my rage? . . . Where did those bloody heroes find their *will*?'

BARELY half an hour later, by a timely piece of TV chemistry, *Newsnight* (BBC-2) brought us Sachs himself, now a velvet-suited professor of law in Mozambique. If it was unsettling for us to be suddenly presented with an older, factual version of a recently-met fictional character, it must have been stranger still for him. 'It reached me very deeply,' he declared of the play, and then rather quaintly pronounced himself 'embarrassed' at the way Edgar's work was initially a 'touch anti-Afrikaner'. And if some of his subsequent replies came across as predictably doctrinaire — 'The violence of the state has to be opposed by the violence of the people in pursuit of liberation' (it sounded like a translation) — well then, one reflected, this was partly the lesson of the play. The imposition of brutal authority has one of two effects on the liberal: either it makes him go under; or it teaches him to be as intractable as the system he opposes.

The current Shame of TV Sport is the non-televising of the England-West Indies cricket series. Given that the Windies are the best side in the world, and that large numbers of their supporters live over here, the decision seems insultingly inexplicable. We are missing some excellent sport, some fine rioting, and — to judge from the occasional miserly flash or two — some deeply comic moments. The *News*, for instance, brought us Ian Botham's explanation that when he said 'Heads will roll' if England didn't save the First Test, he didn't actually mean Heads would Roll: 'I said something in one context, and the media took it in their own context.' Spoken like Bedser: he meant that heads *would* roll, except that if they didn't, they wouldn't, and he hadn't meant it in the first place.

One headlet will presumably give way to that of our own home-grown West Indian, Roland Butcher. If so, our cricket selectors will only be imitating the tactics of their rugby counterparts. After that clotted performance against Wales, they cleverly introduced a Welsh fly half, Huw Davies, who performed extremely well against Scotland (*Grandstand*, BBC-1) and scored the winning try. It's that old English wisdom: if you can't beat them, get some of them to join you. □

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FILMS

John Coleman

Home movies

The Long Good Friday (X) *Ritz; Classic, Oxford Street; ABCs Fulham and Edgware Roads*
The Mirror Crack'd (A) *Studio, Oxford Circus; ABCs Shaftesbury Avenue, Bayswater, Fulham and Edgware Roads*
Resurrection (AA) *Empire*

Where are all the good British movies, pictures that capture the flavour, tang, accents, faces, streets and stresses of our tight little island? For some time past, the answer to this weary old question has been a sad inclination of the head towards that small box in the corner. Television, whatever its shortcomings, has been longer on treating contemporary, indigenous realities (*and* fantasies) than has the cinema. And so it came as no surprise when the arousing experience of John Mackenzie's *The Long Good Friday* at last year's London Film Festival was followed by the news that it was unlikely to get a theatrical showing. Mackenzie started out in TV, as assistant to Tony Garnett and Ken Loach, and has subsequently done his best work there: among others, Colin Welland's *Bangelstein's Boys,* Denis Potter's *Double Dare,* and — just last week — the inflammatory 'portrait' of hard-man prisoner Jimmy Boyle in *A Sense of Freedom.* Of his three films destined for the cinema, only fragments of the 1972 *Made* (and those are extraordinary — laconic Roy Harper as a pop star passing a chill night with unmarried mum Carol White) hang on in the memory. So much, then, is prologue to the heartening fact that Mackenzie's fourth feature has after all achieved big-screen status and proves to be worth every foot of it.

The Long Good Friday has two great benefits, a tough, salty script by Barrie Keeffe and a stand-out performance by the squat, strutting, vivid-tongued Bob Hoskins as Harold, London's top gangster, with ambitions to go halfway legitimate aided by US Mafia money. This ex-East Ender has a yacht moored in a Thames marina, an up-market girlfriend Victoria (Helen Mirren doing her posh moll bit with relish), and Charlie (Eddie Constantine, the well-known 'French' bad guy, amusingly cast) over with cautious sidekick from the States to see about backing a vast riverside development project. But, on the Good Friday in question, everything goes horribly wrong. Waiting in the Rolls for Harold's religious ma to emerge from church, his chauffeur is blown up. A gay right-hand man is stabbed to death at a swimming bath. As Harold arrives with his transatlantic guests at his *haute cuisine* pub, that explodes too, leaving more than egg on his face. He calls his henchmen together and has them unavailingly round up possible conspirators, stringing them upside down on meat-hooks in an abattoir. But the enemy is at once within and a whole lot larger than even a gangland boss can cope with. The Yanks chicken out of the deal, when Hoskins/Harold delivers a stirring, sneering diatribe, enough to bring tears of pride from every bent patriot in the land. It makes you proud of British crime. Harold will call on the krauts instead — they've got 'ambition, knowhow, and *they* don't lose their bottle.'

A second viewing, to be honest, helped to straighten out some of the elliptical kinks in the narrative, which sets off with a fair old rat-a-tat of disconnected scenes. There is some jagged brutality on the way to a downbeat denouement, but the overall sense is one of a cocky, even hilarious indomitability rooted in an authentic ground of seediness. In a finely paced and staffed entertainment, Dave King as an inspector on the take, Bryan Marshall as a contractor/councillor likewise, and Derek Thompson as Harold's favourite young thug are horribly probable. And the mean streets, the ritzy restaurants, the waterfront — the sites and sounds — are ours.

The third Agatha Christie bumper fan-film to come from the trusty Brabourne-Goodwin partnership, *The Mirror Crack'd,* is another face of British movie-making and one we need to keep firmly pointed towards the sun of the world's box-offices if our home craftsmen, at every level, are to keep their hands in, i.e. stay gainfully employed. Miss Marple this time; and frankly less than gripping, though Liz Taylor, Rock Hudson, Kim Novak, Tony Curtis, Geraldine Chaplin and Edward Fox do their professional stuff in thin roles. Miss Taylor, as a neurotic film star over here to play Mary-Queen-of-Scots, when not looking like our best beloved extant royal, has one super, mischievous scene with Fox as a film-buff cop; and there is a genial spoof-clip from a black-and-white, 1950-ish whodunit (suspects gathered in the drawing-room) as openers. Angela Lansbury, whom I cherish, certainly more closely resembles the Christie Miss Marple than delicious, chin-wagging Margaret Rutherford ever did but she also resembles David Tomlinson, which is disconcerting. The lacklustre script was directed by Guy Hamilton.

The two reasons for seeing *Resurrection* are (a) socio-religio-political and (b) Ellen Burstyn. The latter warmly impersonates a woman widowed in a car crash which left her a few minutes dead too. Death was a very special effects tunnel with several ex-kith and kin planted down it. Back with the living, recuperating in hometown rural Kansas, Miss Burstyn starts putting hot little hands on incurables and healing like crazy. Local God fanatics, including a torn Sam Shepard (who becomes her lover), want her to 'fess up her gift comes from Jesus. *She* insists it comes from Love. *I* think it comes from Lewis John Carlino, who wrote the story that a large part of a very troubled and credulous America clearly wants to believe in. Burstyn is so brilliant she almost had me swallowing this claptrap for a mesmerised second. □

ROCK MUSIC

Mark Kidel

Feel a new pulse

WHEN ELVIS PRESLEY wiggled his hips so hard that one half of America gasped with delight and the other screamed with horror, he was giving all who watched and listened a whiff of the jungle, blasting white dance music with a loud echo of rhythm and sexuality from Africa. It is that same connection which has kept rock music alive. From the Stones and Beatles to Little Feat, the very best rock musicians have always drawn strength from listening to black American popular music, and the music of the 1980s, from bands like the Clash to relative new comers like the Beat, derives much of its vitality from very direct Jamaican and Afro-American connections.

Rock's artistic pretensions have usually taken the music away from this black lifeline, away from the realm of the body and into the head. The American band Talking Heads are a very notable exception, for they have combined the excitement and rhythms of soul, and more recently the complex cross-rhythms of Africa, with lyrics and electronic instrumentation more characteristic of the avant-garde. *Remain In Light* (Sire Records SRK6095), the band's latest release, is a dense, slightly unapproachable but ultimately very rewarding album which plunges deep into multiple layers of rhythm which force the listener to find his/her own beat. David Byrne, the Heads' spokesman, ideologue, lyricist and lead singer, introduced the album to critics with a letter that explained the album's genesis: the musicians, along with Brian Eno, their co-producer, had not worked to pre-written material — as is usually the case. Starting instead with a basic rhythm, they had built up a multitude of layers, leaving the words until very last. Byrne composed those to the mood that had been generated by the group improvisation. The usual process had been reversed, and Byrne concluded his letter by referring to a relatively obscure work of ethnomusicology that had strongly influenced the band's new approach.

African Rhythm and African Sensibility by John Miller Chernoff (University of Chicago Press 1979), although it is based on the drumming of two tribes in Ghana, the Dagomba and Ewe, provides a unique key to the origins and essence of the African-ness that lies behind much blues, jazz and contemporary rock music. What makes this book particularly remarkable is that its author, unlike most 'detached' or 'objective' ethnographers and anthropologists, studied African drumming himself for seven years with Ewe and Dagomba masters, and, in so doing, made a personal and emotional commitment which brought him close to understanding the elusive 'African sensibility'.

Chernoff's book, therefore, makes an important statement about the relationship between researchers and their subject matter, but its greatest value to anyone interested in non-Western music comes from the insight we gain into a music where community, relationship and tradition are essential qualities, There is, in Dagomba drumming, no single beat, only a common understanding of a shared, unbeaten rhythm that exists and develops out of the interaction between drummers in a group. The basic pulse is not stated, but it is heard and felt by all, musicians and audience alike. Tradition, in this context, is not a constraint, but a framework that stays alive because it thrives on risks and change that enhance the whole rather than challenge it.

The drumming is inseparable from the dance, the audience, and the celebration. The drummer must be constantly aware, not just of fellow-musicians, but of the mood around them, and of how well the man or woman dancing to his particular beat is responding. The mastery of a musician is not just a matter of technique or mature interpretation, but it

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has to do with the ability to move freely with a situation — a funeral or other gathering — while holding it together effortlessly; and, when the moment is right, to move the mood of the gathering forward, to lift it and drive it along. It is an awareness that comes with long experience, a wisdom that lies outside our limited conception of musical excellence. The same thing happens in jazz, Indian classical music or the dancing of a Greek *zeibekiko,* and when it occurs the audience will always sigh or murmur with delight.

For David Byrne of Talking Heads, the African link provides contemporary popular music in America with a connection between head, heart and body: black music makes no distinction between sexuality and spirituality, between dance and worship. It exists beyond the ego, as an expression of the community of spirit shared in the instant by those who play together. These qualities were evident in an exceptionally good concert which Talking Heads — augmented by four black musicians and guitarist Adrian Belew — gave at the Hammersmith Odeon last November. The combination of pulsating cross-rhythms, sophisticated electronic sounds and strident vocals was as exciting as it was totally original. It was good to see just how strong the African sensibility could be — a way of being with rhythm that is, without the slightest doubt, keeping our own music alive. □

BALLET

Stephanie Jordan

Russian arms

Triple Bill, La fille mal gardée, Giselle *Royal Ballet*

After 24 years with the Royal Ballet, one of today's greatest dramatic ballerinas, Lynn Seymour, has resigned. With her departure, Seymour relinquishes many notable creations, including the rôle of Natalia in *A Month in the Country,* scheduled for her expected return after a two-year absence in Germany. Unfortunately, this finely drawn Ashton ballet is badly in need of the revivification and tightening that Seymour's special volatility and passion would undoubtedly have provided.

Nonetheless, the RB has offered much compensation recently. Nijinska's boldly hewn, sculptural *Les Noces* (1923), set to Stravinsky's four tableaux, 'Village Wedding Rites', sung in the original Russian for the first time at Covent Garden, remains an ageless and imposing one-act company work. It is a pity that it had to come at the end of an ill-matched programme, preceded by Robert North's bracing but ultimately superficial *Troy Game* and the somewhat weathered *A Month in the Country.*

But it is Ashton's *La fille mal gardée* that has become the focus of attention during the last month. It is now 21 years old and was the first ballet chosen for recording under an auspicious agreement between the Royal Opera House, the BBC and Covent Garden Video Productions Ltd. John Lanchbery, once conductor of the RB and arranger of *Fille's* imaginative and delightful musical score, returned to conduct several performances.

With its 18th-century setting this descendant of Dauberval's original is both sunny and economical, lastingly potent, its choreography distinguished by intelligence and a tender depiction of the determined young lovers, Lise and Colas. Our affection is equally guaranteed by Ashton's characteristically benevolent portrayal of his less fortunately endowed characters the daft Alain, son of the wealthy vineyard owner, and Lise's ambitiously match-making mother, Widow Simone. The RB fields several excellent leading pairs nowadays, one such team being Lesley Collier and Wayne Eagling, who replaced the injured Galina Samsova and David Wall. Collier seems the perfect choice for the role, a soubrette, quick, witty and virtuoso, with impeccable footwork. If some of the other characters lack the meticulous detail of the original cast, they nevertheless respond with speed, humour and high spirits.

THE RUSSIAN-born Samsova, principal dancer and teacher with the Sadler's Wells Royal Ballet, is a new arrival to the RB this season. Having excited favourable critical comment for some time as a dancer and, more recently, for her staging of dances from *Paquita,* she made a distinguished December debut with the RB in *Swan Lake.* She missed her one scheduled performance as Lise, but danced a sensitive and lovely *Giselle* last week. If technical reticence after her foot injury was sometimes observable, her absorption into a gentle and intelligent portrayal of Giselle rarely allowed this to mar her performance. Besides, it is not her legs and feet that are Samsova's glory, but her arms, in quality and style unique in the RB, sometimes feathery and weightless, sometimes extraordinarily ample and luxuriant. They shape her, in Act II, into an ethereal being of exceptional tenderness and fragility but also of unusual maturity, voluptuousness and loving radiance.

Many passages of her Giselle are exquisitely timed: her half frozen and stunned, half violent and distraught mad-scene in Act I when, still a peasant girl, she realises the impossibility of marrying Albrecht, an already pledged aristocrat; her slow dances in Act II with the repentant Albrecht and her phrasing in graceful rapport with Adam's music.

Samsova's first *Giselle* at Covent Garden testifies to the welcome individual qualities that she brings to the RB. Such lovely arms and the very strong, supple back that inevitably supports them are a feature of the best Russian training and are rarely seen in Britain.

As Albrecht, David Wall, back after long absence, was not as technically tidy and exuberant as we have known him to be, but he too excelled in lively characterisation and considerate partnering. A refreshing, unmannered actor, he creates an utterly persuasive Albrecht.

Reliably exciting, Monica Mason took possession of the stage early in Act II, particularly majestic and implacable as Myrtha, Queen of the Wilis. There is also a sound touch in introducing Stephen Jefferies as an unusually dangerous Hilarion.

Unfortunately, the adjustment to Hilarion's character is the only noteworthy improvement in Norman Morrice's 1980 production. This is the revision of an earlier version which is otherwise rather pedantic, and, in Act I, cluttered with the late James Bailey's fussy costumes. Perhaps with more facility than any other 19th-century ballet, *Giselle* can be made dramatically cohesive. It is a pity that the present Covent Garden production doesn't exploit that particular virtue.

Weekend competition

No 2657 **Set by Dan Kavanagh**

Interviewed in *Time Out,* Marghanita Laski outlined part of the Arts Council Literature Panel's new policy: 'I would be very happy,' she said, 'if I could persuade the Literature Panel and a card manufacturer to co-operate to produce better condolence messages.' Compers are invited to lend a hand: eight lines of Arts Council-approved verse, please, suitable for any kind of greetings card. By 13 March.

No 2654 **Set by Jeff Squiffy**

Shakespeare on social democrats.

Report **By Mercy Dash**

Mr Squiffy awoke from his post-prandial stupor to announce that the entries were 'passing fine — ay, passing the love of women. . .' He then slumped to the floor. In his absence I awarded ten fish to each winner.

The Offices of Morgan Grenfell, Bankers
Enter a Social Democrat
Can I the grip of this fresh tiller seize?
Could vaulting Roy become Le Roy indeed?
Up Jenkins! But soft, what blanched spectre's this?
Enter the Ghost of Ramsay MacDonald
Time hath, you loon, a limbo at his beck,
To which oblivious void he doth consign
All runagates. Know, even in the ranks
Of those, their erstwhile foes, to whom they skip,
Such skidders, slippers, sliders are not lov'd;
For no man trusts a turncoat — paltry thing
Who, paltering once, may falter yet again.
But should they think, no new allegiance learn'd,
To flower, rootless, in the middle ground
(That phantom soil so many quest in vain!)
They build in air; for, dung'd by naught save self
Concern, they want the mulch of stout resolve
Till, blasted from both sides, they wilt and die. . .

MARTIN FAGG

Rob Roy: Wherefore was that gong?
Owen: The party, Roy, is over.
Rob Roy: We should have split hereafter,
There would have been more time for empty words:
Tomorrow, and tomorrow, and tomorrow,
And tomorrow, and tomorrow, and tomorrow,
And tomorrow, and tomorrow, and tomorrow,
Bring forth the paté foie from course to course,
Till the last syllabub is devoured whole,
And all our promises bamboozle polls
Which praise our wasted breath.
Down, down, fine claret!
Life's but a privy council, a mere hundred
That stutter, print their power on the page
Until they bore no more. It is a cause
Sold by *Observer*s, full of verve and vigour,
Signifying something or other. WILL BELLENGER

Bardolph Rodgers: You have a goodly dwelling and rich; in sight of the Tower too!
Owen: Aye, but welcome all! By the rood, Mistress Shirl thou art a stirrer. Wast thou a structuralist at Cambridge?
Shirl: Nay; Oxford, and now a *de*structuralist.
Owen: Welcome Master Jenks!
Jenks: Call me Roy.
Owen: We shall. Le Roi indeed, as thou art so fluent in the French. I'll call up a thousand supporters.
Rodgers: But will they come when summoned? What's our policy?
Shirl: Naught but labels, Sir —Democracy, Common Market and the Bomb. Who's leader?
Lord Pistol Brown: (rising from stupor): Leader! What, is Old Ramsay dead?
Owen: Long since. Let's next door to the 'Sour Grapes' and toast our conspiracy. Come I'll double charge all with new dignities and Media fees galore!

P.W.R. FOOT

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Tony Miles

Chess

No 219 **Spectacular GM game**

The December problems were an uninteresting set, the only difficult one being 208 which I inadvertently included in the November round-up. Prizewinners: Messrs Cornforth and Taylor £10, Garfath and Nash £8, James, Sahasrabudhe and Sobey £4.

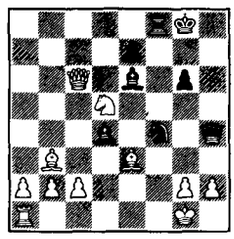
This week's game was voted the most spectacular from the grandmaster group at Wijk-aan-Zee.

White: W. S. Browne **Black: F. Gheorghiu**

1.P-Q4, N-KB3; 2.P-QB4, P-K3; 3.N-KB3, P-QN3; 4.N-B3, B-N2; 5.P-QR3, P-Q4; 6.PxP, NxP. 6...PxP is the more classical response but it leaves the QB blocked. **7.P-K3, B-K2; 8.B-N5ch, P-B3; 9.B-Q3, NxN; 10.PxN, P-QB4; 11.P-K4, N-B3; 12.B-N2, R-B1; 13.Q-K2, PxP.** With the WQB on N2 there is a lot to be said for delaying this capture. **14.PxP, 0-0; 15.0-0, B-B3.** Black wishes to provoke 16.P-K5 when he will take control of Q4. **16.QR-Q1, N-R4.** Inconsistent. 16...NxP is not clearly impossible. For example 17.NxN, BxN; 18.P-K5, Q-N4! turns the tables, or 17. NxN, BxN; 18.BxB, QxB; 19.B-R6, BxB or 17.BxN BxB; 18.B-N1, P-K4. **17.KR-K1, B-B3?** But this is too provocative. White now gets an automatic kingside attack. **18.P-Q5!** The thematic sacrifice, giving up a pawn to open the QR1-KR8 diagonal and close that from QR8-KR1. **18...PxP.** If 18...BxB; 19.PxB threatens QxB and B-R6. **19.P-K5, B-K2; 20.P-K6!** Going for the quick kill. The slower 20.N-Q4 also looks promising. **20...B-R5.** Hardly relevant but there is no good defensive more on the kingside. **21.PxPch, RxP; 22.Q-K6! BxR; 23.BxPch, KxB.** If 23...K-B1; 24.B-N6! R-KB5 (forced); 25.Q-K5! R-KB3; 26.Q-R5! RxB; 27.Q-R8ch, K-B2; 28.N-K5ch, K-K3; 29. NxRch, K-Q3; 30.QxP regaining all the material with a winning attack. **24.QxR, Q-B1; 25.Q-R5ch, K-N1; 26.QxPch, Q-B2; 27.QxB.** So White has recouped his investment with a pawn interest but the decisive factor is still the exposed black king. **27...N-B5; 28.Q-Q7, R-Q1; 29.QxB, QxQ; 30. RxQ, NxB; 31.P-KR4, P-R4; 32.N-N5! N-B5; 33.N-K6, R-Q8ch, 34.K-R2, NxP; 35.P-R5, N-B5; 36.RxPch, K-R1;37.R-QB7, P-N4; 38.P-R6, P-R5; 39.N-N5. Resigns.**

Problem 219

Black to play. How should the game go? Answers to me at the NEW STATESMAN post-marked no later than 11 March.

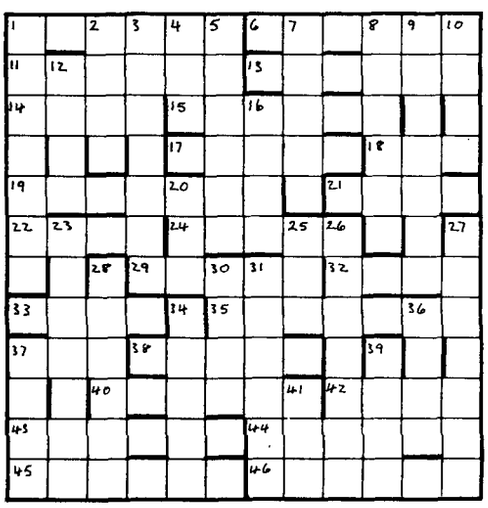


Solution to problem 217

1...BxP! and if 2.RPxB, Q-R7ch; 3.K-B2, Q-R5ch; 4.K-N1, B-R7ch mates or 2.BPxB, Q-R7ch; 3.K-B2, N-K5ch wins, so White tried 2.Q-B5 but after 2...Q-R7ch; 3.K-B2, BxRP soon resigned.

Salamanca: 39
'A Pun My Word'

PRIZES: Book tokens of £2 for the first three correct solutions, opened. Entries to Salamanca 39, New Statesman, Great Turnstile, London WC1V 7HJ, by first post 10 March.



The spelling at 34 is not the customary one. Unchecked letters in the puns give MIRTH CORNY? RSVP, RASH FAN.

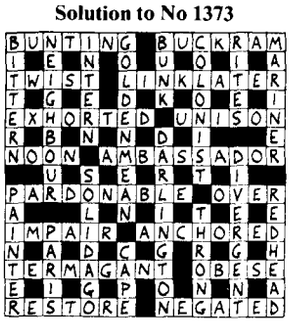
ACROSS

2,15 No really important bit of information on the bird? (4,6)
5,39 A disease-spreading swamp? (6,4)
9,37D. The one that got away from the anthropological zoo? (7,4)
24,8 Who has the right to exercise one from Rent-a-dog? (5,6)
25,21 Poseidon's fresh and healthy offspring? (3,4)
26,4 Which helps the fisherman in the sound? (7,3)
33,45 Not very close to the entire scraper, relatively speaking? (4,6)
34,3 A bent leg-iron? (5,7)
35,1A. No dangerous flier in battle? (7,6)
41,1D. That adoration of Apollo for Aesculapius? (3,7)
44,46 The genuine iron horse? (6,6)

DOWN

6 Fowl of Barham composition (6)
7 Deal hand containing King and Ace (top hearts)? (5)
10 Some high vocal tone (4)
11 Related to Horus or Isis more properly (6)
12 Old Yemenis down in France must be put up (4)
13 Tree essence collecting in bole perhaps (6)
14 Rowdy at night around tops of ponds, these (4)
16 Foreign bird, one to work alone on high (4)
17 You need time to take in mature wine when it's a large amount (5)
18 Military decoration in the form of a cross (3)
19 Like a predatory salesman (7)
20 Territory — one held over the French (3)
22 Leaving country, one to please himself in classic fashion? (4)
23 Man always at top spot found in soft extremes of luxury? (7)
27 Times do change — I reckon to keep up with the fashions (7)
28 Offers to provide shelter for one in pours (6)
29 E.g. 'Who's using a comb, then?' (5)
30 Needed by one out for a spin (4)
31 When hacking its handle I'd have gripped unnecessarily? (6)
32 Leads to end results, given pith of theorem (4)
36 Crooked measures — wings not straight? (4)
37A. What's biologically eating stains? This ingredient (3)
38 Caliban tarried within this? (5)
40 No longer pays for the goods in Tesco's, say? (6)
42 Some will strike you (4)
43 With old age college fellow turning into head? (6)

Solution to No 1373



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Closing date for receipt of completed applications: **20 March 1981.**

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The post is of a representative, rather than administrative, character and the incumbent will be responsible for the progressing of policy decisions by both oral and written negotiations. The work also involves a large amount of communication with the membership. Experience of trade union work is, therefore, likely to be considered essential.

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Full details of the post, together with an application form, can be obtained from:

Miss J. Douch, Personnel Office, CPSA, Park House, 64-66 North Side, Wandsworth Common, London SW18. (01-874 0494)

Closing date for receipt of application forms is **Thursday, 12 March 1981.**

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Closing date **13 March 1981**

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Theatres

ALDWYCH THEATRE Royal Shakespeare Company. 836 6404. Recorded booking info 836 5332, cc 379 6233. Final perfs Nikolai Erdman's 'The Suicide' 2, 3, 4 (m.&e.). Peter Nichols' 'Passion Play' 5, 6, 7 (m.&e.). Performances at The Warehouse have been cancelled this week. Ticket-holders please contact Box Office in person or by post. RSC also at Piccadilly in Willy Russell's hilarious 'Educating Rita'.

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Further details from: **3W1 (N.S.), 232 Cowley Rd, Oxford, or Tel: (0865) 45678.**

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UNIVERSITY COLLEGE LONDON, Gower St, WC1E 6BT. Lunch-Hour Lectures, 1.20 to 2. 3 Mar. 'Homes Fit for Heroes' by Mr M. Swenarton; 5 Mar. *'It Ain't Half Racist, Mum'. Film made by Campaign Against Racism in the Media for BBC Open Door.*

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